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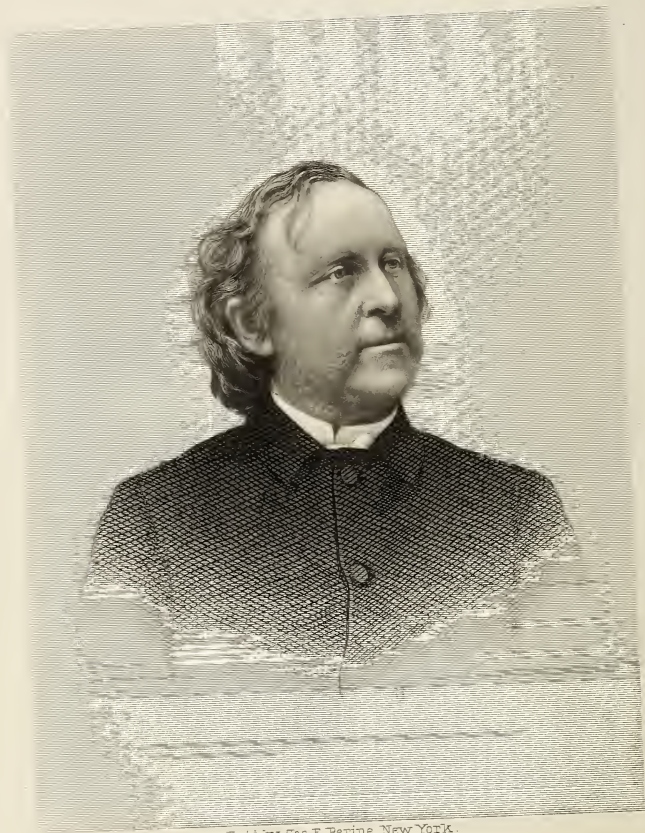




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*A. D. Gillette*



REMINISCENCES  
OF  
THE LIFE AND LABOR  
OF  
A. D. GILLETTE, D.D.

BY

HIS FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES,

Hon. HORATIO GATES JONES, LL.D.,      THOMAS ARMITAGE, D.D.,  
R. S. Mac ARTHUR, D.D.,                  GEORGE W. SAMSON, D.D.

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## THE COMPILER TO THE READER.

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SOMETIMES a remark seemingly casual, dropped by a man of deep thought and wide experience, reveals the real conviction of men envied as the favorites of fortune. A profound writer of ancient times, a monarch at once the wisest, the wealthiest, and the greatest who has left his own record of his personal experience, wrote, when at the acme of his power, these words: "He that winneth souls is wise." In the fascinating poem of his youth which pictured a dream of domestic bliss never realized because his *position* robbed him of it, in the instructive teachings of his manhood whose practical direction the lure of his very fortune betrayed him into violating, and yet more in the pensive review of a long life as the rarest favorite of fortune—everywhere in his youthful, manhood and aged records the same sad disappointment speaks out. Wisdom, wealth, position, *all* "is vanity," yes,

“vanity of vanities,” even more, added “vexation of spirit.” The only relief to him whose books had taxed weary students, whose commerce had exposed thousands to hardship, and whose imperial rule had laid a heavy burden on the poor whom he ought to have relieved, the only relief of the aged monarch was, that, perchance in some act of kindly sympathy he had won a soul.

There are men of genius and culture, of generous and grand aspirations, who from childhood through youth and manhood, have no other object in life than to win souls. They meet merchant-princes, statesmen and scholars, as peers; and the pure, true mission of the Gospel herald, appreciated by such men, causes their own superficial life and influence to dwindle and pale in the comparison. They see crowds gather indeed about the coffin of the sons of fortune, but with eyes that speak no affection; while about the grave of the preacher that won and the pastor that led them, the weeping crowds of sincere mourners cluster, till the new laid sod is watered as by a shower with falling tears.



The son of fortune, the merchant-prince, the statesman, the man of culture, seldom finds a biographer; and New York is in this respect a monument of wonder. But the true, the honored, the loved pastor, has something in his character, his life, his labor, the world wishes to remember. Not too many such find grateful biographers. One poem in a century may be wrought out which the world will "not willingly let die." The life of every true pastor is a poem that combines *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*. The story may be simple; but he who is drawn to read the reminiscences of the friends of Dr. A. D. Gillette, will find many a page to rivet his interest. Every record from the first is drawn from or supplemented by his own autobiographic journal. The picture of his origin, his early life, his student-years, and his entrance on his work of winning souls sketched by his son who withholds his name, the appreciative record of his Philadelphia labors penned by one who viewed him as the envied sharer of a higher walk, the token of esteem from his New York successor in the

pastoral office, the testimony as to his varied work of love by an associate in the same field, and perhaps the fond tribute of a loved intimate in all his pastorates, in Philadelphia, New York and Washington, till his work was all and so well done—it may be each record, like each writer, will bring some added charm to the narrative. All certainly will wish with Dr. Wilkinson to bring one flower at least to deck his coffin as they read the closing record of a life so admired.

I.

YOUTH AND EARLY MANHOOD,

AS TRACED FROM HIS DIARY.

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FAMILY HISTORY.

“I HAVE fancied myself retiring from my never-ending duty as a clergyman, owning and cultivating the seven acres of my father’s plot, building on it a cottage, growing a garden, putting out trees and shrubbery, living quietly there, gathering my dead friends there for sepulture, and finally lying down there in the dust myself.”

“There is bliss in tears, music in a groan, beauty in pensive grief, all of which I have experienced and proved upon the spot where I was born; yet others could not understand me.”

Thus, in 1867, wrote Dr. Gillette of his child-

hood home. It was only a fancy, the veriest dream ; for death touched him at his " never-ending duty," and he lies in the great " city of the silent," where all through the days and nights of his sleeping, the stir and crash of a mighty metropolis break the stillness of every hour ; and he has " lain down in the dust," far indeed from his cherished lakes and hills, but by the side of hundreds to whose death-bed he brought the peace of the Master, and at whose open graves he proclaimed the hope of the life to come.

The home acres so tenderly remembered were indeed beautifully situated in the town of Jackson, Washington County, New York, originally known as Cambridge, a district famous for its scenery.

A chain of five miniature lakes shut in by high hills, thickly wooded by a virgin growth of oak, pine, and wild vines, stretched for several miles through a lovely vale. Midway of a plateau separating the two most easterly waters, stood the humble home ; while over the farthest lake the valley reached away till the converging



lines of living green were lost in the broken hills beyond.

Amid these scenes the subject of this memoir was born, September 8, 1807. He was the eighth child, and third son, born to Dr. Fidelio Buckingham Gillette, and Tabitha Dunham his wife; who had emigrated to the Jackson Lakes from New Jersey in 1793, following the trail of pioneers from the same State who had settled in the region shortly after the American Revolution.

The ancestors of Dr. Fidelio and his wife belonged to the early history of the country. Among the proscribed during the last expulsion of the Huguenots in 1688, was Guillaume Gillette, from Rochelle in France; who, to the profession of medicine, added that of clergyman. He had been allowed to remain in France on condition that he should suspend the exercise of his spiritual functions.

The condition imposed seemed to have been more unendurable than exile, and following his devoted people he came to America and settled in Connecticut. A bachelor, he remained un-

married until quite late in life, when in 1722 he espoused Elizabeth, daughter of John Welsh. He had then become Americanized, and appears in the town records of Milford, as Doctor William Gillette. He lies buried in Lyme, Conn., where he died at the age of ninety years.

To him were born three children. The youngest, Elisha, became a clergyman and married Lucy, the daughter of Governor Buckingham, of Connecticut. Of Elisha's two children Fidelio Buckingham, born in 1761, was the younger, and became the father of the subject of our Memoir. He was educated at Columbia College, New York, studied medicine under Dr. Littlefield, and began the practice of his profession in Piscataway, New Jersey, from whence he migrated to Cambridge, as has been already noticed. The wife Tabitha, whom he brought with him, then not eighteen years of age although the mother of two children, was the daughter of Jonathan Dunham and Eunice Dunn. Through her paternal line she could count three generations of clergymen until she reached the Plymouth Colony, and through

her mother's line she traced her ancestry to the same Puritan source.

Certainly, if a good name is more to be desired than riches, Dr. Gillette was blessed; and it will be interesting to note throughout his career, how much of personal dignity, religious feeling, patriotism, courage and refinement came to him through this long line of strong men and worthy women.

It is equally certain that beyond the possibilities of equal worth he inherited nothing, for when his father Dr. Fidelio came to Cambridge, his household and household goods came in one lone wagon, while the dollars were few with which to found a house. The prospect of riches even did not exist. The families a physician's ministrations might reach in those days were few and widely scattered. Poor as himself they could pay but little, and that mostly in produce. Fortunately, poverty was respectable, and life began with Abram Dunn Gillette as it begins in the primitive settlements amid the democracies of pioneer labor, out of which so many strong hearts and mighty helpers of the world have sprung.

## II.

### HIS BOYHOOD AND EARLY EDUCATION.

The house in which the subject of this sketch was born was, as will be inferred, of the most primitive description—a small two story frame structure with dormer windows, and a low broad piazza facing toward the south. About it were grouped apple, cherry, plum, and mulberry trees, together with a variety of shrubbery; and, as a distinguishing feature, twelve tall Lombardy poplars stood like sentinels along the line of the road which wound gracefully across the plateau in front of this picturesque home.

In 1807, the year of Dr. Gillette's birth, the district had assumed considerable life. The road traversing the region was a State road and much traveled, so that the early settlers had been reinforced by others as well as by the generation that had grown up since the first pioneers from New Jersey had carved their homes out of the rugged hills. A district school had been found necessary, had been established, and

was flourishing. The monotone of recitations, and the descent of the indignant birch upon the culprit's back, were familiar sounds to young Abram long before he himself became one of the pupils, as the school-house was but a short distance from his father's door.

Besides his two sisters and three brothers he had no end of comrades, although the almost constant companion in his boyhood seems to have been Master David Ackly, born just one hour earlier than himself, and in the next house, circumstances which helped to make the lads fonder. The details of a boy's life are of little moment to the great hurrying world, except as they interest us in the study of character and mark the career of one who has left the impress of his life upon an ever widening circle, and in such events as will be noted in the early youth of Dr. Gillette will be found nothing complex or startling, yet in them were the springs of a sturdy faith, a tireless industry, a manliness, and a gentle spirit withal which have made his memory to those who knew him full of sweetness and cheer.

The record of the boyish occupations of the



lads of Jackson reads like the story of boy life among the Indians. Bare-headed and barefooted from choice, they were quite as careless and free as the red men whom their fathers had succeeded.

The lakes lying so thickly about their homes abounded in fish, turtles, and reptiles, while the hills were alive with game. Until a lad was old enough to labor in the fields, his days were marked by some unusual exploit, a wreck or a rescue, an enormous fish, turtle, or black-snake, or a back-load of squirrels brought home as trophies of the day's adventures. The tall white pines on the hill-sides were festooned to their very tops with wild grapevines, and on these the children climbed and swung like monkeys. To such exercises in the boy we can attribute very much of the man—the strong nerves, the broad deep chest, the erect carriage, and the brisk, cheery enjoyment of existence which distinguished Dr. Gillette through a long and wholesome life.

A great event in a boy's history occurred to young Abram soon after the battle of Plattsburgh and Lake Champlain. His brother, Phi-

lander, had joined the American army at the breaking out of the war of 1812, and served upon the staff of Brigadier-General Clark Rice. On the way from Whitehall to their rendezvous at Greenbush, opposite Albany, the American troops that had been engaged at Plattsburgh marched with their British prisoners along the State road and halted in front of Dr. Gillette's door, there to part with a number of their comrades who had enlisted from that district. Young Abram, with a flaunting feather in his cap, rushed in among the prisoners and soldiers; when an officer playfully caught him up and thrust his head and shoulders into the mouth of a field-piece, but, on drawing him out again, the hat and feather remained in the gun. The lad, thinking more of his cap and feather than of his head, defiantly demanded the return of his belongings. The officer reached in the gun with his sabre and securing the hat clapped it on the little white head, with the remark, "You're a little General, and a plucky one too." The title of "Little General" he long wore after that, and it helped not a little to his self-impor-

tance. That night his father took him to the encampment, where Commodore McDonough, the hero of Lake Champlain, placed him on his knee, and patting his head said, "Why, my son, your head is whiter than my own." Such honors were precious to the child, and even to the man were pleasant to remember.

In March, 1813, circumstances occurred which changed the tide in his affairs. During the temporary absence of his parents the home, reared with so much patient toil, was utterly consumed by fire. Abram, with his brother Walter and his sister Abigail, were playing in the orchard when suddenly flames burst out around the chimney. Boy-like, and with a desire to save some of the treasures dear to his young heart, he rushed to the door and forcing it open was about to enter, when the added draught of the open door wrapped him in fire and he fell fainting in the doorway. Fortunately his brother Walter was closely following him, and seeing him fall, dragged him by the feet out of the house, not, however, until his hair had been nearly burned from his head.

Reviving in the open air, he took his little sister on his back and carried her to his grandfather Dunham's, while Walter ran on ahead to alarm the neighbors. But assistance came all too late, and in a few minutes nothing remained of the house or its contents but the old iron mortar in which his father ground his medicines. A home, a useful and by no means insignificant professional library for the times, instruments, medicines, and the countless belongings, gathered during twenty years of patient professional labor, had, in less than half an hour, mingled with the elements, and life stared the settlers in the face again as it had a score of years before. To add to the distress, Cornelia, the eldest daughter, a beautiful girl of twenty, sickened, and in nine days thereafter they buried her on the very day she was to have been married. Houseless and heart-broken, it had been too much had not the neighbors opened their homes to the stricken ones.

In the general helpfulness Abram came in for a new suit of blue clothes with bell buttons, given him by Judge Wendels of Cambridge, while a

nearer neighbor, Judge McLean, donated an old beaver hat to complete the outfit. At home he found and other comforts, so that he confesses to some regret when orders came, late in the summer, to move into the new house which had been erected near the site of the old homestead.

But the father's hands were palsied. He had been obliged to sell his horses in order to help build his house, and this narrowed his practice to such patients as he could visit on foot. The loss of his books and instruments further restricted his usefulness, while the death of his favorite daughter took the courage out of his heart. It therefore became necessary that such of the children as could earn their living should do so; and so, when the struggle became too hard, the home circle was broken never again to be united. The brothers, Philander and Walter, went to their friends in New Jersey, while Abram, then nine years of age, entered the home and service of his grandfather Jonathan Dunham. Here he did the chores of house and farm with very little respite, chopping wood, driving cattle to and from pasture,



milking, and in the summer and fall working in the field; confident, as he afterward delighted to say, that he earned all he ate and wore—his only compensation. From his grand-father Dunham's he went to a similar field of duty at his Uncle Abram Dunham's farm at Battenville, three miles west of his former home. With this uncle he spent two years, tending three hundred sheep and many cattle, cutting wood for two fires, and, as at his grandfather's, earning only his board and clothing.

In November, 1818, while at his uncle's, word came that his father had died under circumstances most distressing. He had gone out in the night to visit an invalid neighbor, and was found in the morning within sound of home, dead by the road-side. There were no signs of violence, but every indication that death had come after prolonged agony of mind and body. It was no common bereavement to the boy, as no lad ever had a kinder or more loving father.

In the following April, after alternating in service between the farms of his grandfather and his uncle, Abram packed his bundle, bade

adieu to his home, and with but fourteen cents in his pocket, trudged through the rain to the village of Hartford—where he entered the service of Major Calvin Jillson, a tanner by trade. Mrs. Jillson had buried two children and was ever after childless. Nothing could exceed the tender, loving care of this lady, and the orphan lad found at last a home. Although but fourteen years of age, he was installed in a responsible position, yet not under pay.

Such education as he had been able to acquire was gotten in a desultory sort of way at the district school, when his farm duties permitted him to attend, but beyond the merest rudiments of knowledge he knew little of books, or methods of study. He however made the little, of use to his employer, so that he was lifted from the drudgery of farm and house labor to a desk where he kept accounts, attended to sales, receipts and purchases, and handled the cash of the concern. As an evidence of the confidence reposed in him, Mr. Jillson sent him at one time fifteen miles in a cutter alone with \$2,000 in silver, the first payment on a

real estate transaction. When the payee counted the money it was found to be twenty-five cents in excess of the expected sum, which excess he was proud to return to Mr. Jillson.

His life at Hartford gave him excellent social opportunities, as Major Jillson was both a military man and a politician, entertaining largely. To every privilege of the home Abram was admitted as freely in all respects as though he were a son. More than all to him was the opportunity for reading which his evenings afforded, and the advantages of the school taught by Major Daniel Brown, an old friend of his father's, who took a special interest in his studies. So rapid was his progress and so well known had he become in the community, that Governor Pittcher offered him an appointment at West Point; which, however, after many objections on his mother's part, he declined.

When in his sixteenth year, the desire for an education took full possession of him. It was useless, he thought, to study in a half-hearted way, dividing his time between business and books, with his duty to his benefactor para-

mount, and as far as he could look ahead he saw no further progress toward his cherished ideal so long as he remained in Hartford.

Already he had determined upon his profession, although as yet there had been no special awakening of religious feeling within him. A preparation for that work was imperative, and the need was no sooner appreciated than the determination came to accomplish it. He planned a secret flight to the home of his uncle, Daniel Gano Gillette, at Patchogue, Long Island, who had arrived at honors and wealth, and who had written to have him make his home with him upon learning of the death of his father.

The lad, on counting his savings, found the goodly sum of six dollars. More deliberate and solemn preparations for a flight were never made. By working odd hours in the evening, he manufactured a leather satchel in which he carefully packed his extra clothing—not forgetting a loaf of bread, some butter, and a piece of dried beef. An invitation to an entertainment at South Hartford afforded the long-looked for

occasion to steal away under cover of the night. He lingered behind the rest of the party, arriving some half hour later. Concealing his satchel in the barn adjoining the hotel in which the company had assembled, he entered the hall and engaged in the dance, actually leading out for that purpose no less a personage than his kind friend Mrs. Jillson, whose loving heart he was about to wound. During the evening he called his three particular friends, Robert Hyde, De Witt Clinton Austin and William Porter, out into the air, and showing them his satchel, confided the purpose of his heart. A long consultation in the moonlight ended in the verdict that nothing could be more noble and self-sacrificing; and after an interchange of gifts and kisses, the council adjourned with pledges of secrecy until the fugitive should be heard from by letter.

Seven miles that night brought him to Argyle, where he slept with the son of the tavern-keeper, resuming his journey at sunrise. All day he trudged over icy, frozen roads, till night again overtook him at Schaticoke Point. At noon



of the following day he arrived at Lansingburg, where he met a quondam acquaintance, one Prindle, a tavern-keeper, who offered him the position of bar-keeper. The proposition, although politely declined, started a train of thought which became more vivid and intense as the march to the southward drew on.

He crossed the Hudson on the ice to Troy, and thence to Albany. At the village of Waterford where night overtook him, he began seriously to reflect, that he had never seen his uncle Daniel, that Long Island was chiefly inhabited by sailors and fishermen, and probably as barren of educational advantages as Hartford. In his eagerness he had not thought of that, while his first opportunity for employment since leaving his friends had been a kindly-meant offer to peddle rum. He resolved to return to Hartford and ask his friends the Jillsons for freedom to study, so that he might fit himself for teaching. At sunrise he began his march homeward and at eleven o'clock the same night he stole into his old home and into his bed, tired, foot-sore, and repentant—a march of fifty-three miles

in sixteen hours. He was awakened in the morning by the kisses of Mrs. Jillson, to whom he related the cause of his flight and his return. There were no reproaches in that dear home, nothing but love, that saw the anxious heart of the boy and the dear wish that lay so near to it. There was less charity in the village, however, where his flight had created not a little excitement ; and it was months before he ceased to be consulted about the scenery and products of Long Island.

In 1825, and while living at Hartford, young Gillette was not a little honored, although in a chance way. He had for two years and more belonged to a militia organization, and during the visit of General Lafayette to this country in that year, he was detailed as one of twenty-four, each representing a State of the Union, whose duty should be to act as a body-guard to the nobleman who had given so much to liberty. Abram was representing his State in the brave attire of the rifle company of which he was a member. The horse of Major Gibbs, the Marshal of the occasion on the reception of Lafayette, became

unmanageable, dashing into and confusing the line of the body-guard. In the struggle to keep his feet young Gillette swung suddenly about, bringing his rifle with a pretty forcful blow against the hero of the hour. Hat in hand he rushed to the General's side with profuse apologies. Lafayette, laying his hand on the young man's bare head, said in broken but very distinct English, "God bless you, my son. May you never do more harm than you have done." It was an honor he did not soon forget.

Shortly after the return of the fugitive, the Jillsons removed to West Granville, and took their protégé with them. It was an advantageous change for the ambitious youth in many ways. In Granville was a flourishing academy, presided over by Salem Towne, LL.D., a man of learning and an experienced instructor. Under his influence literary societies were formed composed of both young men and old, of which Abram became an active member. A circulating library also existed, from which the young student obtained the most ponderous of volumes, Robertson's History of the United

States, and devoured it from preface to colon. He was still the clerk of Major Jillson, and still without wages. His longing eyes were fixed on the academy the while he plodded on in unremunerative toil. The literary and debating societies gave him a chance to be heard, so that he soon became an important member, well known for his facility in speaking. Although a tanner's clerk he numbered among his friends the very best of the people, and enjoyed the distinction of membership in the advanced Lyceum, in which such citizens as Doctors Searles, and Bigelow, Judge Parker and Counsellor Gibbs were prominent. At their houses also he was a welcome visitor, and this companionship brought his aptitude and desire for study in such manner to their notice that in the autumn of 1826, he entered as a student under Doctor Towne. A few months of tireless application made the doctor his friend as well as his preceptor, and at the doctor's solicitation the young student presented himself for examination before the school trustees for appointment as principal of the village school. He was suc-

cessful, and began his duties and his first employment under pay, \$17 per month, with the privilege of boarding around.

During the winter of his first year of teaching, he attended a course of thirteen lectures on English grammar, language, and literature, from which he derived untold benefit; but except these few helpful occasions, his education went on alone, and at hours when the rest of the world were sleeping. He wrung the lore of books out of the busy day, and won his weapons in a hand to hand fight with iron fortune. It was his special pride to remember that from his earliest knowledge of things to do, he wrought daily for the bread he ate, the clothes he wore, and the shelter that covered him. Never one dollar in charity, or as a nobler gift, did he receive, while every penny saved or spent represented some specific service rendered.

The compensation for his early struggles came in the strong will, the honest persistence and self-reliance that eventually placed him on a height from which the rugged steps he had trodden stretched backward into the pleasant valleys, while the future was nearing the sun.

### III.

#### EARLY RELIGIOUS LIFE.

It would be difficult to fix upon any particular period of Dr. Gillette's life when he was especially exercised in spiritual things. In him there were no sudden tempests of the soul, no supreme dejection on account of sin, original or acquired.

The stateliness of the Puritan walk, the cruel self-reproach, the hard unyielding of the Puritan conscience, the fierce contests with the almost visible spirit of evil, had softened through three generations of godly ancestors, and left in both his father and mother an untroubled faith and an unwavering hope as calm and beautiful as an Eastern twilight. The foundations of his parents' belief had never weakened; they were grandly Puritan, and as firmly rooted in their intelligence as in their hearts; but beneath their roof-tree there was no harshness in religious



duty, no task in pious observance; and worship was as much a part of each day as the labor which brought them bread.

The spirit of the beautiful in godliness pervaded the community of Jackson like a grand friendship. The Sabbath was hallowed by the restfulness of blessings all its own, while the hymns, the prayers and discourses, which made up its ceremonials, crowned each week with joy. Again, with the exception of the Bible, books were rare. Contemplation therefore took on a religious phase as God's dealings with his people were oft-told tales. The histories of David and Solomon, Daniel and Joseph, Samuel and the Christ-child, filled up the measure of nursery lore, and left the young imagination as wholesome, pure, and exalted as though it had walked with angels. Add to such influences the tenderest of motherly ministrations, the large-hearted help and companionship of a just and loving father, and you have an atmosphere so purified and clear that there are no fierce passions to wreck and tear hope and life into shreds.

In such an atmosphere, Dr. Gillette was born and reared. Spiritual life with him was a growth. It belonged among the dearest traditions of his house and moved along with its history; so that when at the age of twenty, he publicly professed his faith, it was as much a part of him as any attribute of his being, wholly of him and in him, as the brain with which he weighed it and the heart in which it was cherished.

It is not to be understood that he was always religiously inclined, that he maundered listlessly through his youth in a dreamy ecstasy of pious emotion (for although never a rugged boy yet life through his veins flushed and hurried with all the speed of health and merriment); but with him always was a reserve force of right thinking, an honest intent and purpose that made dissipation loathsome and abhorrent.

He was not without temptations, resistance to which tends so greatly to the formation of strong character, yet he always found help to resist and master them continually, as he confesses, urging himself on toward a standard of

manliness he had set up for himself. To such an individuality there are no great upheavals and sudden revulsions of feeling. Changes in moral structure come to such an one only after a demonstration of their inherent need; therefore we find him when only a boy of fourteen, crying aloud, "God helping me I will preach the Gospel," and then moving cautiously toward the fulfillment of his pledge to heaven; yet not until six years thereafter openly professing his belief.

Fortunately his advantages for religious instruction had not been so meagre as his opportunities for study; for at the school-house near his home, at Jackson, he had frequently listened to the teachings and discourses of such pastors as Rev. Dr. Alex. Bullions, Dr. N. S. Prime, Dr. Toombs, William M. Culloch, Edward Barker, and Thomas Baker. These and others were frequent visitors at his father's house, usually accepting his hospitality on the days they were to conduct the services at the school-house.

An invalid neighbor, Mrs. Marsh, who moved

about in a wheeled chair, inaugurated a Sunday-school in her house, at which the children of Jackson faithfully attended. Mrs. Marsh and her granddaughter were its only teachers. It was the first Sunday-school in the settlement, and it flourished for twenty years. Out of it came several clergymen, and many good men and women. In this school young Gillette was introduced to a curious collection of books, considered in the light of our modern appliances for young students of the Christian evidences: the "Religious Primer," "New England Primer," the "Shorter Catechism," and the "Child's Instructor;" but the book he most read was the Bible, and it was not unusual for him to retire by himself and after reading a portion of Scripture, to utter a prayer. It was not the custom of those days for pastors to address children particularly on subjects of religion; but he remembers that Rev. Thomas Baker made the first direct and personal appeal to him to give his heart to the Lord Jesus. He was but a boy of eight years, but the blessing of the aged pastor with which he touched the boy, made a deeper

mark than he thought, for the child went immediately to the carriage house, and there prayed fervently with weeping eyes and a tender heart. Dr. Gillette records of these boyish days, that it was his custom when at work alone in the barn, on the farm, or in his own room, to call upon God as upon a parent. There was never any dread of God's displeasure when he approached him, and his prayers were more the instinct of worship than any special plea for needs or forgiveness under an impending sense of fear and dread of so good a father.

During these days there were, on occasions, considerable renewed interest in religion, and the Sunday services were frequently concluded by a baptism of one or more in the lake near the school-house. Of these ordinances he was always an interested witness, and frequently found himself wishing that he might be one of the happy company who were thus following Christ. From the gallery of the old meeting-house at Battenville he witnessed the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, when the same longing for fellowship with Christians possessed him.

Occasionally with friends he would attend the old white meeting-house at Cambridge where Rev. Dr. Prime preached; and again, at times, at the preaching of Rev. Dr. Bullions; from both of whom he became inspired with the dignity and manliness of the Christian life, as these men were of commanding powers and presence. But the pastor to whom his love went most fervently out, was the Rev. Mr. Baker, of the little Baptist church near home. He was rich in children, but otherwise poor indeed; yet a faithful workman whose hands raised in prayer showed the stains of daily toil as a cobbler. But toil helped him to brotherhood with labor, and the companionship wrought out the salvation of many souls. At this time, Dr. Gillette records, "It would have been my privilege and duty to have been baptised and united with Christ's people then; but my feet trod many slippery paths ere I was publicly consecrated to my Master's work."

When Dr. Gillette was about thirteen years old, his brother Philander, who had been studying theology with Rev. Dr. Staughton of Philadelphia, paid a visit home, and frequently



preached in the churches and private dwellings. This was to the younger brother a constant source of wonder and delight ; and doubtless out of it grew the yearning to follow in the footsteps of this the sixth of the line who had been clergymen.

Neither Major nor Mrs. Jillson, with whom he went to reside at Hartford after the death of his father, were religious people, but they encouraged their protégé in his inclinations toward a good life. At Hartford he attended regularly at both church and Sunday-school ; and it was while living there that one day, sitting in the gallery of the Presbyterian church the conviction that he should preach the Gospel came upon him. Out of it came also the cry "God helping me *I will* preach the Gospel." It was uttered audibly with suppressed voice intensified by supremest feeling.

Along with this new determination came the no less intense appreciation of the need of an education ; and it is amusing to note with what inconsistent activities he immediately began to fulfil his pledge. These were none other than

stealthy preparations to desert his friends the Jillsons, and run away by night to Long Island, where his uncle was a Judge and would help him. In the preceding chapter has been recorded the details of this absurd flight and its still more ludicrous result; yet could those who scoffed at the boy have gone down into his soul and there seen the pleading, anxious out-reaching of every need of his life toward the hope that was in him, they would have mingled their tears with his own at the pathetic picture of the lad fleeing from friends and love out into the frozen night to find the voice that was calling him to the service of Christ.

At Granville, to which place his friends moved, the chances for study and religious instruction ran side by side. Here he began his studies at the Academy amid somewhat different social and religious influences. He associated himself with several societies for mental culture, and also with churches, Sunday-schools, and evening meetings for prayer at private houses.

At a social meeting held at the residence of Deacon Graves, Dr. Gillette made his first pub-

lic acknowledgment of his interest in religion, by rising from his seat and stating his wish to become a Christian. It was a surprise to all but himself. Even the pastor, Mr. Savage, seemingly amazed, said aloud, "Why! Abram, what is the matter?" But it had been no new thought with him. He had previously given his heart to the Saviour as he knew, but the opportunity which to him seemed most fitting had never before occurred. The whole process of regeneration in him had been wrought out in the years gone since his boyhood. He had even settled the question as to which church his convictions urged him, so that Dr. Savage, the Presbyterian pastor at whose meeting he first confessed his interest in spiritual things, ended a conference one day by telling him he should see Dr. Dilloway, the Baptist pastor.

He did see Dr. Dilloway; and one Sunday in May, 1827, Dr. Dilloway led him down into the waters of the Granville River and baptised him into the blessed likeness of his Redeemer. Up to this time he had never intimated to any one his purpose to become a clergyman, and did not

until several months after his baptism, when Dr. Dilloway, whose attention had been called to him by his facility in speech and prayer in the social meetings of the church, kindly questioned him as to his convictions of duty. To him he confessed the wish nearest his heart when the way seemed brighter before him and the long cherished hope nearer.

Soon after these conversations, Dr. Gillette began his duty as teacher of the village school. Absolved from the necessities of less congenial employment, his studies progressed rapidly; and in October, 1828, the church called him before its committee and members, and requested a statement from him as to his convictions and reasons for wishing to enter the ministry. It was a trial at which he seemed tongue-tied. He remembers to have said so little and that so imperfectly, after all the years of longing and expectancy, that, utterly discouraged and heart-broken, he went into the cemetery while the committee was deliberating, and knelt weeping over the grave of a young pastor, a friend, who had recently died. All his fondest hopes

seemed cast in an untrue balance which found him wanting, and he almost prayed to lie in the grave with his friend. His fears were groundless, for when he was summoned for the verdict, he was informed that the church had unanimously agreed that it was his duty to enter the ministry, and furthermore had fixed upon a day when he was to preach before them his trial sermon. The day came and the sermon was preached, with every one he had ever known staring up into his face, except his preceptor, Dr. Towne, who with kindly delicacy forbore to embarrass the young preacher by his presence. What the sermon was or from what text is not on record, except as Dr. Gillette's notes have indicated by the expressive word "torture." However, "he builded better than he knew," for the church commissioned him from thenceforth to preach the glad tidings of great joy.

#### IV.

#### ORDINATION AND EARLY MINISTRY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the cordial recommendation of the church into which he had been newly born, and such authority to preach as the society could give had been officially reposed in him, none knew better than Dr. Gillette that nearly every material requisite of his holy calling was wanting.

To obtain these necessitated the most cautious husbanding of the small salary he derived from teaching, and with the most unyielding self-denial, every dollar was hoarded until a sum sufficient to defray a term's expenses at the University had been accumulated. Then he would repair to Hamilton and enter Madison University, returning to his profession of teaching when his funds became exhausted.

Occasionally his compensation would im-



prove as he moved from town to village in charge of various schools and academies, but at no time did his salary exceed twenty-five dollars a month; and in pursuit of this sum he transferred the scene of his labors to the adjoining State of Vermont.

It was during a winter in that State that he contracted a disease of the eyes which seemed not to yield to treatment, and which rendered teaching dangerous and personal study out of the question. In the preparation for the recitations of his classes and the acquirement of themes and material for his discourses, he was obliged to employ some one to read to him, which sadly crippled his income; but he struggled on in the strength of the great hopes within him. Thrice had he quitted the University after heroic efforts to maintain his position in spite of the disadvantages of his affliction.

Finally the time came when he must either desist or lose his sight. His eyes were terribly inflamed, the slightest exercise of vision causing intensest pain. But, necessitated to earn his living, he accepted an appointment as colporteur

for the Bible Society, with his special field of labor through his native Washington County, especially through the townships of Dresden and Putnam.

It was during this service that he first visited Lake George and conceived such admiration of its majestic beauty as led him, late in life, to build upon its lovely shores the cottage of which he had so fondly dreamed. Although not upon the dear site of the old homestead, yet in the same county, amid the same character of scene and with the added charm of sacred memory, he selected the spot which belonged to the estate of his brother-in-law, Amariah Taft, who had married his eldest sister Emeline. She had passed from earth and was resting there near the spot which all her married life had been her home and the home of his youngest brother, Daniel, whom she had tenderly reared.

But a change of activities from sedentary to out-door life did not bring the coveted relief to his sight. With the constant pain came restlessness of spirit and a wasting of vital forces. Utterly discouraged, he once more turned his face

toward Long Island and the home of his uncle, with the intention of shipping as a sailor on one of his uncle's vessels, then engaged in the Mediterranean trade; a sea voyage having been suggested as a probable means of recovery.

On his way thither, he stopped over Sabbath at Saratoga and preached for the people there. Among his hearers was a Baptist brother from Schenectady, who, after service, learning of the destination of the young preacher, suggested that he preach to the little struggling flock at the latter place. Bethinking himself of some dear friends residing there, Deacon Sheldon and family, he consented. On July 9, 1831, he presented himself at Deacon Sheldon's door, and was welcomed with all the sincerity of affection and with the hospitality of a Christian home.

At that time there were six evangelical churches in Schenectady, all well attended except the Baptist; which, from having no settled pastor, and depending upon the casual visits of clergymen, had dwindled into a very uncertain society. But the fire had not entirely gone out while Deacons Sheldon and Bailey were watch-

ing the little altar with anxious prayerful hearts.

It had been arranged that on the following day the Rev. Mr. Haff should occupy the pulpit in the morning, the aged Father St. John in the afternoon, and at an extra evening service, Dr. Gillette. Something of fame, or curiosity, had preceded the young preacher; for when evening came, the unusual number of sixty-two hearers had assembled in the hitherto almost deserted chapel.

The text, "There is joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth," was announced with all the trepidation of a novice in a strange community, and the service ended in woeful doubt; which was happily cleared away when the brethren crowded around him urging him to remain and preach for them the coming Sabbath, which he consented to do.

The intervening week was one of extreme suffering. The excitement of the Sabbath had so inflamed the diseased eyes, that the days were spent in a darkened room with an occasional release at early dawn and twilight; but the

Lord's day found the zealous young man at his post in the pulpit. The third Sabbath of his stay in Schenectady found his congregation filling every available place in the church, and ended in an invitation to remain with them for three months.

These months were full of work, not only at home, but elsewhere in neighboring towns and villages, attending funerals, preaching in school-houses and private dwellings. His success had been so phenomenal that brethren had come to hear him from outlying hamlets, begging of him an evening's talk with their people who would have no other opportunity to hear him.

His eyes were still feeble and of little use. Hymns for service were recited from memory, and chapters of Scripture eked out in the same way, while his discourses seemed but the recital of his thoughts born in the darkened solitude of his days, when alone with his pain he drew so near to the great heart of the Master.

The prosperity of the little church seemed assured, and of healthy though rapid growth.

The brethren soon began to urge the young man, who had been God's instrument in awakening the sleeping spirit in their hearts, to submit himself to ordination.

To these tempting suggestions of a permanent pastorate Dr. Gillette would not listen, urging, in his own behalf, his impaired health, his imperfect education, and the absolute need of years of systematic mental preparation for the service. The church, however, went on heedless of these objections, and unanimously "resolved to call" him "to ordination, and use all proper means to induce him to accept."

Such action could not be utterly ignored, and the young man put himself in the hands of the church. Before the convocation of the Council, which had been fixed for the 28th of September, he visited his old home and the various towns where he had spent his boyhood and youth, preaching of course as opportunity offered. Especially did he seek out his old pastor, Dr. Dilloway, and urge him to attend the Council and preach the ordination sermon, in the event the Council should decide to ordain him.



On the appointed day the Council met and organized, with Rev. Elijah F. Willey of Lansingburgh as moderator, and Rev. B. M. Hill of Troy as clerk. As associates there were present the Revs. Abijah Peck, John Harris, E. D. Hubbell, Elijah Herrick, S. Wilkins, Ashley Vaughn, Joshua Fletcher, and the Rev. Dr. Welch, together with about twenty deacons and delegates from churches in the vicinity. The Rev. Dr. Dilloway, his early pastor, was also present. Concerning this, to him, all-important event, Dr. Gillette has left the following account:—

“I gave a sketch of my Christian experience, my views making it my duty to preach the Gospel; and next a written outline of my doctrines, convictions of religious duty, practice, and church discipline. Many, very many questions were asked me by brethren of different views, as I then thought and have since more fully learned, more to controvert each other on the atonement than to ascertain my own convictions of the subject. Brothers Welch, Hill, and Willey were particularly engaged in this wordy war.

“I fell on confusion worse confounded, not

knowing what they were after or how to reply to their peculiar interrogatories. Dr. Welch, discovering my embarrassment, and sensible that the design of the contest was not so much to know or show me, as to know and show each other, came to my relief with the inquiry, 'My young brother, do you not think that these are subjects about which you would rather pray and study for some years to come than to decide positively now?' I replied affirmatively and never shall I forget the kindness of this most excellent and tender man.

"I retired from the Council; who, in a few moments, sent for me and formally notified me of their unanimous vote that my ordination should proceed, and that the services had been arranged to take place at two P.M. the following day.

"Upon the eventful day I could eat no dinner, and suffered from a nervous dread beyond my power to express, knowing not how to bear the solemn part which was about to devolve upon me. The hour, the moment, came. The house was crowded: galleries, stairs, aisles, doorways, the pulpit steps and all. The faculty of

Union College, many of the students, and numerous clergymen from neighboring towns and other congregations were present. Dr. Dilloway preached from the text, 'This is a true saying, If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work.' Rev. Dr. Welch offered the ordaining prayer and laid on hands with all the ministers present. Rev. Mr. Willey gave the charge, and Rev. Mr. Hill the right hand of ministerial fellowship.

"Thus was I by my brethren counted faithful and put into the ministry. That God has put me there has yet to be proven."

As a curious coincidence the following Sabbath he administered both the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper, and married a couple in the evening; thus on the first day of his official life performing all the duties with which his new office invested him.

This ordination was but the entrance into severer work; and it is astonishing the amount of labor he was capable of, considering his enfeebled condition. His eyes were improving so as to admit of a little reading in the early morning;

but for the most part his services were prepared in those moments of seclusion when all but thought was denied him. Unless one reads from the record of his labors in Schenectady as presented in his carefully-kept diary, one would scarcely credit the amount of work the young clergyman accepted and performed. Fifteen and frequently twenty sermons a month, with lectures and meetings, made up a life too zealous and self-sacrificing for his physical good; yet it told grandly on the health of his charge and the spiritual condition of his own and neighboring communities.

In the first year of his work the membership of the church had doubled. Forty-two had united by baptism and seventeen by letter, while the church edifice, which for years had shown a beggarly array of empty benches, in two years had to be rebuilt and greatly enlarged to accommodate the numbers who sought its privileges. The record shows, Sabbath after Sabbath, large accessions by baptism. On some days, eight, ten, twelve, and on one Sabbath, April, 1834, he led thirty-eight converts down into the waters of

the Mohawk, and buried them into the life and likeness of the Saviour.

On several occasions he was called to neighboring towns to reap the harvest of his sowing there ; even invading other churches whose pastors, notably Dr. Van Vecton of the Dutch, and the Rev. Mr. James of the Presbyterian, societies, breaking through the restraints of precedent and tradition, had invited him to preach to their people.

The Rev. Dr. Nott, President of Union College, as well as members of the Faculty, had from the first taken an active interest in Dr. Gillette, often patiently attending his services, and finally offering him the privileges of the college lectures, which supplemented grandly his efforts at improvement so much interfered with by his affliction. These privileges were about the last he ever enjoyed of university life ; although for years afterward he studied as he could with tutors, and others who came to his study to assist him.

It was always a regret to him that he had been denied the advantages of a full academic

and theological course, feeling as though the best work that was in him had not had a chance to reveal itself.

In the summer of 1834 his health became alarmingly feeble, although his eyes were improving. A short vacation was therefore planned, and with his friend, the Rev. Dr. Welch, he visited Guilford Haven in Connecticut, returning to his work in September somewhat improved.

In November of that year, 1834, he was sent by his church on a mission to the churches of New York and Philadelphia, to raise funds to pay off the debt incurred in the enlargement of their house of worship.

At the house of James Jenkins of the former city, he met the lady whom he subsequently married, the daughter of his host; and at the latter city he met with such a reception and success, that in the following spring, when he returned to his own people, he carried with him an unaccepted call from the Sansom Street church of Philadelphia that he should become their pastor, following in that charge such



mighty men as Rev. Drs. Staughton and Dagg.

This was no easy matter to decide. It was still more hard to leave the people of Schenectady where he had found his first home; but when they had finally found an acceptable successor in young Mr. Graves, he, in May, 1835, left for his new home in Philadelphia.

Certainly, with all his disadvantages, he left behind him a noble record! In three years and a half, a church had been revived, rebuilt, re-inhabited and more than multiplied. Over two hundred had been converted and baptized, many joined by letter, and a feeble society of less than sixty souls had grown to six hundred.

Even to one disinterested in the man and his work, the record which Dr. Gillette has left in his own hand of this his first charge, must appeal with a pathos and a power overwhelming.

Most of the time nearly sightless and in pain, shut away in darkened chambers communing with himself to lift out of his heart the message to his people, his hopeless craving for an education, his cruel self-criticism, his struggles to

win souls, his prayers for strength, his joy at success, giving the glory to God—all combine to paint the picture of a Christian warfare which ended in well-won victory.

It adds not a little to the merit of his success that, during his pastorate here, his salary was exactly what it had been as a teacher; his study was over a baker's oven; his wardrobe, one suit of clothes, always carefully removed and folded when alone in his room; and of his compensation, just one-half was sent regularly to Madison University, where his youngest brother, Daniel, was preparing for the ministry. Surely, whatever sunshine there was, fell among shadows!

V.

DR. GILLETTE'S PHILADELPHIA PASTORATE.

BY HON. HORATIO GATES JONES, LL.D.

IN the early part of 1835, when only twenty-eight years of age, Dr. Gillette was called to the pastorate of the Fifth Baptist church of Philadelphia; which, for many years under the name of the Sansom Street church, had occupied a prominent position among the Philadelphia churches. Its first pastor was the celebrated and popular Rev. William Staughton, D.D., who was regarded as one of the greatest pulpit orators of his day in America. The house of worship was circular in form, very capacious as to size, and was located on Sansom Street above Eighth Street, and between Chestnut and Walnut Streets. There was no other Baptist church then between it and the river Schuylkill. Dr.

Staughton was succeeded by Rev. John L. Dagg, D.D., who still survives in a green old age, and was the immediate predecessor of Dr. Gillette. The church was an offshoot of the old First Baptist church, which worshipped in Second Street. When Dr. Gillette became its pastor, the city began to extend toward the north and west, and many of the members were living far from the meeting-house. There were then, in what is now known as Philadelphia, eighteen churches, with a total membership of nearly 4,000. The First church, of which the distinguished William T. Brantly, D.D., was then pastor, had 635 members; the New Market (now the Fourth) church, with Joseph H. Kennard as pastor, had 559 members, while the Fifth church had 476.

Dr. Gillette came in the freshness of youth and the earnest zeal of a true minister of Christ. His manners then, as they ever continued to be, were peculiarly winning, and he was most cordially welcomed by his brethren. All of the city churches, except the First and Lower Dublin and Frankford, belonged to the venerable

Philadelphia Baptist Association. It then comprised among its ministers, Dr. Joseph H. Kennard, Thomas J. Kitts, of the Second church ; William E. Ashton, of the Third ; Dr. Horatio Gates Jones, of the Lower Merion ; Joseph Walker, of Marcus Hook and Brandywine ; Joseph Mathias, of Hilltown, and many others, who were earnest, able, and zealous ministers. Soon after, Rev. George B. Ide, D.D., became pastor of the First church, Rev. Rufus Babcock, D.D. of Spruce Street, and Rev. Daniel Dodge of the Second church.

The Philadelphia Association was then very conservative ; and it was customary to appoint as its moderators, clerks, and preachers, only those who had been in the body some years. Young ministers were allowed to " tarry a while at Jericho," as the aged brethren used to say. When the rule was deviated from, it was because the new pastors were more zealous or had more than ordinary talent. The Association was then the only arena in which the brethren of the churches composing it had an opportunity to meet each other. It was there that their abilities were dis-

played, so that its records prove valuable in showing the position which ministers and laymen occupied. It is from these records that most of the details which follow have been gathered. A careful examination of the minutes of the Association shows that Dr. Gillette, from the first year of his connection with that body, took a high position in its deliberations; which he ever afterward maintained. His first appearance at the Association was in October, 1835, when Joseph Mathias was moderator, and Horatio G. Jones clerk. He was appointed to preach the next introductory sermon, was chosen a trustee of Haddington College—an educational institution under the care of the Association—and was a member of the Committee on Religious Services for 1836.

In the session of 1836 the religious destitution of Pennsylvania was a prominent subject before the body, and Dr. Gillette was appointed, with such able brethren as Drs. Babcock, Kennard, and H. G. Jones, and brethren Woolsey, Mathias, Jenkins, Lennard, Walker, and Joseph Taylor, to represent the Association in a



convention to organize a General Missionary Association for the State. The body was duly formed, and he was chosen one of its managers; and so remained until he moved from the State. The same year he was elected a manager of the American Baptist Publication Society, and was re-elected annually for a period of twelve years. The Association also appointed him, that same year, a member of a committee composed of such sound theologians as Mathias, H. G. Jones, Babcock, and Kennard, to prepare an abstract of the Philadelphia Confession of Faith. For a young minister, only two years a member of this venerable body, to be thus honored was a very unusual thing; but still higher honor awaited him. The following year, 1837, he was chosen moderator; a position for which all young ministers used to sigh, but which was not always to be had, as it was usually bestowed on the middle-aged or the old ministers. The same year he was appointed to prepare the next Circular Letter; which he did, his subject being, "The Excellency and Utility of Family Worship." No wonder that Dr. Gillette loved the Phila-

delphia Association and devoted himself so faithfully to its best interests.

The year 1838 was a new era in his life ; for, having resigned the pastorate of the Fifth church, and preaching his last sermon January 1, 1838, he left the city for a few months, but was recalled May 24th of the same year, to take charge of the Eleventh Baptist church, which had been organized April 19, 1838. It is unnecessary to detail the causes which led to his resignation ; but that there was no unpleasant feeling is proven by the fact that the Fifth church, on the 26th of February, granted to 156 of its members a general letter of dismissal, and in it expressed in tender language their sincere regret at the separation, and most earnestly invoked the divine blessing upon the new enterprise. Besides this, when the new church was recognized, among those who took part and presented the right hand of fellowship was Rev. Joseph A. Warne, D.D., who succeeded Dr. Gillette as pastor of the Fifth church ; while, in its letter to the Association, the Fifth church referred to the fact that they had dismissed such a large number of

their members "to lift anew the banner of Immanuel." From the first the new movement was a complete success. The Eleventh church worshipped part of the time in a hall at the N. E. corner of Eighth and Chestnut, and then secured "The Academy Building" in Cherry Street above Fifth Street, which they occupied until February 18, 1840, when the lecture-room of their new house was dedicated by special services. This was located on Twelfth Street, above Race, in a very choice locality, the nearest Baptist church being on Eighth Street above Green.

The church was admitted to the Association October 20, 1838, with a membership of 190. Dr. Babcock, the life-long friend of Dr. Gillette, was the moderator, and, in his own impressive manner, extended to the new church a most cordial welcome to the sisterhood of Baptist churches. For the next two years the young pastor was full of anxiety and energetic effort. He labored night and day; he was literally instant in season and out of season, trying to secure the means to complete the commodious

edifice then in process of erection. At that time there were very few rich members in the Baptist churches, but his trust was in the Lord, who had promised never to desert or fail those who put their trust in Him. While this material work was going on, the spiritual interests of the church were also progressing, for the letter to the Association in 1838 states that from the date of the constitution, April 19th, to Sept. 27th, but little more than five months, 30 had been baptized, and 7 received by letter; the Sunday-school numbered 150 scholars, with 20 teachers, and nearly 400 volumes in the library. During this time, while the lecture-room was being built, meetings were held at 5 o'clock P.M. on Lord's days, on the large lot adjacent, until cold weather, and were always largely attended. Each year there were accessions to the church, but the largest number of baptisms was in 1840, when 102 were reported to the Association. Such approval of his ministry by the Master encouraged him to still greater exertions, and he seemed to rejoice when he was pressed with engagements arising

from his connection with the numerous societies of the city and State. But Nature's laws can not be broken without punishment, and although Dr. Gillette was told that he was doing too much, and was endangering his health, he could not give up the loved employ, until, in 1842, the crisis came, and he was stricken down and became dangerously ill; so much so that he was unable to attend the Association, although it met with his own church. Happily, his life was spared, and when permission was given by his physician, he resumed his labors with more caution, but with his usual earnestness. His associational work still continued. One year he and Dr. Shadrach made a lengthy report on the importance of Sunday-schools as nurseries of the churches, and they recommended "the formation of an American Baptist Sabbath-school Union," and the appointment of a committee to represent the Association in a General Council, to be held in New York at the time of our usual anniversary meetings. The report was adopted, and Dr. Gillette, with Brethren Shadrach, Babcock, Dodge, Mathias, Kennard, Lin-

nard, Woolsey, and H. G. Jones, were appointed as the committee. The following year he, as chairman, made another report on Sunday-schools, as full of earnest appeals as the previous one. His zeal in behalf of everything which pertained to the advancement of the cause of religion made him prominent; and in 1844 he was chosen assistant-clerk of the Association. The next year George I. McLeod, the Stated Clerk, having resigned, Dr. Gillette was appointed his successor; which new position brought with it additional cares and duties as well as honor, and which led him to value, as he had not done before, the importance of gathering into a permanent form the annual letters from the churches, and the other records of the venerable body which had so honored him. He also introduced and sent to the churches a blank form for the associational letter, which has now become so common and useful in many Associations. As early as 1843, Mr. McLeod, the Clerk, reported that many of the minutes of the Association, manuscript as well as printed, had been secured from the family of the Rev.



Samuel Jones, D.D., who was one of the most prominent members of the body, and it was then resolved that the records for the first hundred years of the Association should be published under the direction of Brethren A. D. Gillette, Daniel Dodge, Joseph H. Kennard, Franklin Lee, and George I. McLeod. As chairman of the committee, the chief labor devolved on Dr. Gillette. To him it was a pure labor of love, and each year found him with added treasures of old manuscripts and early minutes. Rev. H. G. Jones, D.D., as one of the oldest ministers, and one who had written, in 1832, a History of the Philadelphia Baptist Association, was added to the committee, but it was not until 1851 that the work was completed. Dr. Gillette was appointed the editor; a preface to the work was written by Dr. Jones, then quite advanced in years; and the "Century Minutes" were published by order of the Association. Speaking of this volume, the Rev. Thomas Winter, D.D., still living at the age of 85 years, with mind clear and vigorous, thus writes: "Dr. Gillette arranged and

edited the Century Minutes, a handsome volume of 476 pp., embracing the records of the venerable body from its organization in 1707 to 1807. The work was well done by our brother, and its merits were duly acknowledged. The book preserves a large amount of Baptist Church history of the eighteenth century, and will long be a monument of the Christian piety, the sober intelligence, the faith and the stability of our more ancient Baptist brethren. It will long survive, and will be a valuable book of reference to all who feel an interest in the doings of the Philadelphia Baptist Association, the venerable mother of all the orthodox associations of the land; which now number 83 churches, 106 ordained ministers, and 23,984 members." To this able, truthful, and honest testimony, may as truthfully be added, that next to the works of Isaac Backus and Morgan Edwards, the "Century Minutes" of the Philadelphia Baptist Association will prove to be the most important contribution to our early Baptist literature. The name of A. D. Gillette will never be forgotten by American Baptists,

and as the years go on, the value of his historical labors will be more and more appreciated.

Dr. Gillette was also deeply interested in the subject of ministerial education. He united with his aged friend, Dr. Jones, of the Lower Merion church, who loved the pastor of the Eleventh church as if he had been his own son, in the efforts which were being made by the Association to prevent the hasty admission to the ministry of those unfitted for the high office of teachers of divine truth. Hence he advocated the formation of the Pennsylvania Baptist Education Society, and was a Manager of its Board as early as 1839, its Recording Secretary in 1844, and President of the Society in 1850 and 1851. But amid all these public engagements he never neglected his church. Its interests were first in his heart, and the steady increase of the membership from 156 when the church was organized, to 578 when he resigned, showed that the Lord had prospered him in his labors.

As a pastor while in Philadelphia, Dr. Gillette excelled. He always regarded it as a privilege to visit his people, to learn their wants; their

trials and sorrows. This fitted him for his pulpit work. His words encouraged the desponding, and gave hope and comfort to the dying. As Goldsmith has said :

“ Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay’d  
The reverend preacher stood. At his control,  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul.  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whisper’d praise.  
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e’en his failings lean’d to virtue’s side ;  
But in his duty, prompt at every call,  
He watch’d and wept, he pray’d and felt for all.”

There was a peculiar magnetism in his manner which drew people to him and made them feel that he was their sympathizing friend. None went to him for comfort without realizing that his heart felt for them. His presence, whether in the sick-room or in the prayer-meeting or the crowded assembly, was like a perpetual benediction. He had about him in all the relations of life the true *savoir faire* ; a quality which so few ministers possess. Dr. Gillette was a Christian gentleman, and so impressed all who had the pleasure of his acquaint-

ance. The venerable Dr. Thomas Winter, who, when pastor of the Roxborough Baptist church, knew Dr. Gillette well, in writing to me of him as a minister, says: "In the relation of pastor he was highly esteemed and greatly beloved by his people. I never, that I remember, heard him spoken of by one of his members or others but in terms of respect and with great cordiality. How could it have been otherwise? He served them well and faithfully, and with gratifying success. He was a man of very comely and engaging appearance, bland and courteous, pleasant and winning in his intercourse with others, and obliging and benignant to all. His preaching talent, if not of the first order, was good and edifying, and was listened to with pleasure by well-cultivated minds; and what was of more account, was owned of God his Divine Master in leading many souls to Christ."

As was said of the late Dr. James B. Taylor, of Richmond, Va., so it may be truly said of Dr. Gillette; "He had a gentle spirit, and the most winning manners, and a voice which was music in itself. These qualities fitted him for

pastoral duties, in which he took great pleasure. It may be truthfully said of him that, like his Divine Master, he fed his flock like a shepherd, gathering the lambs to his arms, and he was able to call them all by name."

In the social circles of Philadelphia Dr. Gillette was ever a welcome guest, and the cordial reception always extended to him testified the regard in which he was held by all with whom he associated. Nor was this feeling confined to his Baptist friends, but he was held in high esteem by other Christian churches; for, although a firm and decided Baptist, he allowed to others the same privilege he claimed for himself, and accorded to them a sincerity in their belief.

In 1851 he tendered his resignation as stated Clerk of the Association, and that body passed the following resolution:

*"Resolved,* That the thanks of this Association are due and are hereby tendered to Bro. A. D. Gillette for the manner in which he has for several years performed the duties of stated Clerk of this Association."

In 1852, after a pastorate of over fourteen



years, Dr. Gillette felt that it was his duty to seek another field of labor, and accordingly addressed the following letter to the church; for which I am indebted to Rev. I. Newton Ritner, the present pastor:

“PHILADELPHIA, *July 22, 1852.*”

“RESPECTED BRETHREN AND FRIENDS: By a prayerful, and, to myself, a very painful process of inquiry, I have arrived at the conclusion that it is my duty to resign the pastoral care which I have so long held by your suffrages. I expect, in the event of this my resignation being accepted, to take charge of the Broadway Baptist church in the city of New York.

“The office I now resign and the relation to be dissolved was never dearer to myself and family than at this moment. During the more than fourteen years which we have passed together, we have lived in love. That we may part in love and ever rejoice in each other's prosperity, is my sincere and earnest prayer.

“Yours in the Gospel,                   A. D. GILLETTE.”

On the 26th of July a special business meeting of the church and congregation was held, when the letter was read to the church. A motion to accept the resignation having failed to carry, a committee of Deacons was appointed to visit the pastor, and on their return reported that “Brother Gillette had accepted the call to

become the pastor of the Broadway Baptist church, New York, and it was his desire that he should be dismissed." There was only one course to pursue, and hence the resolution declining to accept the resignation was reconsidered, and the church adopted unanimously the following resolutions; which were offered by Deacon Levi Knowles, who has been the warm and loving friend of Dr. Gillette from the organization of the Eleventh church until the beloved pastor was taken home to the Church triumphant:

*Resolved*, That the resignation of Rev. A. D. Gillette as our pastor be accepted, to take effect on the 31st inst., his salary to be continued to the 31st of August.

*Resolved*, That the connection of more than fourteen years' standing has not been dissolved without the most painful emotions. We have lived and loved together, and no consideration but his stern sense of duty prompts us to acquiesce.

*Resolved*, That Bro. Gillette needs no eulogy from us. His courteous deportment, Christian counsels, and his faithful preaching have won him friends both here and elsewhere. We only say, may the blessing of the Highest rest upon him."

Meanwhile the congregation was assembled

in an adjoining room, and when the church clerk announced the final action of the church, they refused to accept the resignation, declaring they had received no good reason from the pastor or the church why he should leave them; but finally they gave their reluctant consent to the separation. And so, amid the tears and regrets and good wishes of all his dear people, he bade them adieu. He had the regard of all his brother ministers, the confidence of the entire community, and the high respect of all who knew him.

During his pastorate he baptized 488 and received by letter (including the constituents) 572, making a total of 1,060 members. The entire membership at the close of his services was 563.

I have stated that Dr. Gillette was the editor of the "Century Minutes" of the Association. The only other volume he wrote while at Philadelphia was "A Sketch of the Labors, Sufferings, and Death of the Rev. Adoniram Judson, D.D.," which was published in 1851. It was through his efforts that Dr. Judson visited the

Philadelphia churches. He made his home with one of Dr. Gillette's members, and was on terms of warm intimacy with him, and while visiting at the house of Dr. Gillette met Miss Emily Chubbuck, who afterward became his wife. Referring to this event, Dr. Judson, in a letter to his friend, said, "I never cease to thank God that I found her, accidentally as it were, under your roof." When the sad news of Dr. Judson's death came over the waters, he resolved to improve the event for the good of the living, and prepared and preached a discourse which, as above stated, was published by him.

The sad tidings of Dr. Gillette's death brought sorrow to many a home in Philadelphia, and filled with sadness the hearts of all his early friends who still survived. "The memory of the just is blessed," and he who so loved to work in the Master's vineyard is now at rest. He is not dead ; for, as the poet says :

"To live in hearts we leave behind  
Is not to die." . . . .

## VI.

### DR. GILLETTE'S NEW YORK PASTORATE.

BY REV. DR. THOS. ARMITAGE.

DR. GILLETTE began his pastoral work in New York in 1852, the membership of what was then the "Broadway Baptist church" numbering only one hundred and seventy, but being much more energetic and self-sacrificing than was the wont of that day. The demands of business were pressing upon Broadway so fast and heavily, that a removal of the church became necessary. This change enabled it to discharge a somewhat heavy debt, to erect a more convenient meeting-house, and, in the outgrowth of the city, to secure a much more central position for the future; as Twenty-third Street and its vicinity were then new. For some time the new

pastor filled the pulpit of the Tabernacle church in Second Avenue while its afflicted pastor, Rev. Dr. Lathrop, was sick and in Europe. There he preached to very large congregations, and with great success, for every Baptist heart in New York welcomed him as a valuable addition to our ministry and a gift from God.

May 7, 1854, the Broadway Baptist church entered their new sanctuary, a capacious and beautiful edifice, and Bro. Gillette's career in New York was fairly begun. The large congregations which attended his ministry, the facility with which he turned his hand and heart to all sorts of religious and benevolent work, together with his unselfish, genial, and brotherly spirit, soon made his influence felt, not only in his own denomination, but amongst all who love our Lord Jesus. In those days there was but little intimacy between our denomination and others; and indeed, but few ties knit any of the great Christian bodies one to the other. In fact, the various sects had been much disturbed by internal dissensions, and were hardly at peace among themselves. For years the Episcopalians had



been agitated by the controversies arising out of the trial of Bishop Onderdonk, and certain other ecclesiastical questions springing from the tractarian movement. The Presbyterians were divided into the New and Old Schools, and the Methodists were engaged in warm disputes concerning the slavery question, and various important internal changes affecting their government. And as to the Baptists of the city there was little cohesion in their ranks. Certain old alienations existed between the churches growing out of differences which led to the formation of two separate associations forty years before, and these had been aggravated by the more recent divisions in our University and Bible work. Taking all things into account, there was as little oneness of feeling and co-operation between the several denominations, and in these individual bodies, as there well could be.

The coming of Dr. Gillette to the city was marked by a most healthy influence both in healing the alienations of his own brethren, and in drawing Christians of various names together in certain orders of religious work. He had not

been a party to any of the vexed questions which had disturbed the New York churches; he had neither received nor inflicted wounds; and coming to his work with a warm, fresh, and simple heart, he had access to the sympathies of all. His nature was full of sunshine, his manners were affable, and his temper soft and graceful. Then, he possessed a large measure of common sense, with a yielding disposition which commended him to the affections of all manly men. God had endowed him with an instinctive shrinking from unlovely combat, a quick eye to read the tendencies and temperaments of those around him, and with a remarkably conciliating manner; and, what was better than all, he was a stranger to the tricks of petty meanness, because in him was no guile. He was not endowed with the qualities of a great leader, but he possessed the simple-heartedness of a child. He might be imposed upon by the wily, for he was unsuspecting; but he could impose upon nobody, for in malice he was a babe.

This unusual blending of gifts and graces gave great unity to his character and left it of a dis-

tinct type in its own order. Hence, wherever he went he carried with him a winsome atmosphere that entirely disarmed suspicion. It was the lot of the writer to serve with him on all sorts of committees, in boards of various kinds, in councils and associations; sometimes to preside while he was on the floor, and sometimes to act in deliberation or debate while he was in the chair. Then our lot would be cast in the same pulpit, as preachers, or on the same platform, as speakers; possibly to take different views and positions on the same subject. But never was it my misfortune to hear a hard word from his lips, or to witness in him a harsh, much less a churlish action. Now and then, an experienced eye would read him sorely tried, and even hurt in his feelings; but memory furnishes no case where his spirit or manner met the occasion in a way unworthy of the Lamb of God, whose he was and whom he served. In the pulpit, in the presiding officer's chair, in the assemblies of his own church for consultation, or wherever else he met his brethren, his unaffected suavity endeared him to them. And for the same reasons, he

was a charm in all social circles. Full of anecdote, very communicative and observant, cultivated in conversational powers, he always attracted the confiding and affectionate toward him, and especially the young. Refined and open-hearted, they approached him with confidence and heart-felt respect, unchecked by that awful sanctimony which makes so many ministers pious frights, when it fails to set them up as solemn laughing-stocks. The consequence was, that there was not a home in which he was known to which he was not welcome, nor a circle of friends where his presence was not hailed as a ray of sunshine, no matter what the culture or *status* of the company might be. As pastors, none of us felt the slightest reluctance to ask any favor of him that he could grant, for it was neither denied nor granted in a grudging manner. He was ever ready to counsel with his brethren in difficulty, to supply a pulpit in time of need, to aid in Sunday-school or other anniversaries for promoting the interests of their congregations, or to sympathize with them in their personal sorrows.

As a preacher and pastor he rose far above mediocrity, and was highly prized by his congregation. His sermons were marked not so much either for profundity or strong grasp in the treatment of a theme, as for clearness of arrangement, thorough fidelity to evangelical truth, and a sweet, earnest method of delivery. They cost him great labor, albeit, and the exercise of great conscientiousness in their preparation. In a brief diary which he kept he speaks frequently of "hard digging" and "great exhaustion" in creating a sermon, on such and such a passage. And quite as often does he speak of prostrating indisposition after preaching them, when sleep would depart from his eyes for the better part of the night, when appetite failed him, and the nervous shock would cleave to him for days together. He was extremely nervous, and was greatly and easily affected by outward circumstances. He makes frequent record of the state of the weather, and the number of his congregation, as exerting a depressing or exhilarating influence over him. In recording the doings of the Sab-

bath, he seldom fails to tell of the weather. Now the "rain filled the pools"; now the "March winds" blew furiously; and the "snow" blinded the eyes and blocked the street. Then, the day was so unendurably hot that he well-nigh fainted, or so beautiful, bright, and bracing that it seemed to be shed out of an angel's bosom who was too happy to hold it longer. And, at these times, the state of the congregation is carefully entered. One day the house is "crowded," and he had a delightful time in preaching on "The Fruits of the Spirit," "Christ our Life," or, "The Commandment came home, sin revived, and I died." And, on more than one occasion, those delectable saints in New York who are sure that the pastor will fill his place nobly if they stay at home to coddle the earthly house of their tabernacle, get such a good hearty remembrance from Brother Gillette's pen, as draws forth the "Amen" of all the pastors.

Then, it is easy to trace his sense of delicacy and disappointment in connection with his Sabbath services. At one time he would go to his



pulpit glowing with his subject, and expecting to preach; but behold, some injudicious "deacon" or friend would thrust upon him a "strange brother" who was on a visit, and out of pure politeness the pastor asked him to preach, when he really wished that the man would have religion enough to say "No." Then he records the grumbling of his congregation as the result; "He might do better than I could, yet he was not the one many came to hear." And as if he wished the very best of authority for allowing himself to think even such slight heresy as this, he quotes Dr. Cone as saying: "During forty years' experience I have been learning that the way to get and keep a congregation is to do one's own work in the pulpit, when health and Providence permit."

He was thoroughly conscientious in the selection of his subjects, and deeply anxious that his hearers should be benefited. Although the fruits of his ministry were large, as seen in the number of persons converted to Christ under his preaching, yet at times he was greatly cast down in view of the few who were saved. At

the close of one year he says: "I have never known so few converted under my ministry in the same length of time as last year. Yet, I never had better audiences or greater pecuniary prosperity. O Lord, show me my errors and my deficiencies. Show my dear people wherefore Thou hidest Thy face from them, why Thou dost not appear in the power of Thy Spirit, to draw more hearts to Thee. Am I as consecrated as Thou demandest?"

The entries which he makes concerning the sick of his congregation, and the families whose dead he had buried, show him to have been very tender-hearted and sympathetic in his pastoral work out of the pulpit. The severe illness of a dear friend, either in New York or Philadelphia, or even the loss of a child in a home where he administered pastoral consolation, drew forth from him the most touching private utterances, as well as those which were tendered at the numerous funerals which he conducted. And, in health and prosperity no man rejoiced more than he with the healthful and prosperous. A happy, warm, and pure-souled pastor was he,

in the flock of Jesus Christ. But often he did his work at the cost of heavy draughts upon his physical strength. Certain infirmities cleaved to his frame for years, which not unfrequently prostrated him, and sometimes made his life very uncertain; while they always kept his health in a precarious state, so that he needed great fortitude to endure his work and remain at his post.

As a patriot, his country lay near his heart. That terrible struggle through which our country passed in perpetuating its unity, cost him immense pain. He complains of great depression of spirit, and of the sad state of things disturbing his repose of mind in preparation for the pulpit. And with all his pensive affection for hosts of devoted friends on both sides of the lines, he suffered unutterable griefs so long as the contest lasted. But he was true to the demands of loyalty, and stood firmly to his convictions of right, giving his prayers and influence to the Government, and his offspring, four sons, to the field, with unflinching integrity. Yet, his heart bounded for joy when blood

ceased to flow, and when the Union was reknit for common weal or woe.

This lovely spirit blessed our earth for seventy years; and, possibly, no Scriptural symbol so well expresses his life as that of the Psalmist: "The righteous shall flourish as the palm-tree"; in constancy, patience, fruitfulness, and victory. This beautiful tree reaches maturity at thirty, continues in full strength at seventy, and bears from fifteen to twenty clusters of dates annually, till it reaches about its two hundredth year. All this time, it lifts its head high toward heaven, bears the buffeting of every kind of storm, and keeps its foliage perpetually green. We may see our glorified brother's semblance to it, in his firm uprightness, his orderly regularity, his graceful beauty, his embowering shade, and his large fruitfulness. Such amplitude of growth, elasticity of fiber, and varied fertility were found in him, as justified the outlay of seventy years upon his maturity. Like the palm-tree, all Dr. Gillette's influences were healthy and useful. The fruit of

this Eastern blessing makes a great part of the diet of the people; the pit of the fruit is ground up for food for the camel; its leaves are made into couches, baskets, mats, bags, and brushes; its boughs are used for fences, its fibers for the ropes and rigging of small vessels; its sap is distilled into wine or condensed into honey; and its wood is made into light structures. The Orientals celebrate its virtues both in poetry and prose, and never weary of its praise, for they attribute to it three hundred and fifty different uses.

Then, when its trunk dies and moulders into dust, so that all which is left is a bushel or two of dry ashes; by and by a new, green shoot springs up in the midst of the heap, eats up and consumes into itself the old growth, and goes on to perpetuate its existence for two hundred years longer. How much like this was our beautiful brother; for, in the churches which he served, and in the ministry which he honored, many a beautiful young branch has sprung up, and now flourishes in his place. So, his life

will repeat itself amongst us, and numbers of fruitful trees of Jehovah's planting will but perpetuate the blessings begun in the life of Dr. Gillette: "A good man, full of faith and of the Holy Spirit."



## VII.

### DR. GILLETTE'S WASHINGTON PASTORATE.

BY HIS PREDECESSOR AND LIFE-LONG FRIEND,  
DR. G. W. SAMSON.

“THE steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.” So wrote that chief-chosen king of Israel, the specially select ancestor of Israel’s greater king ; in whose history so much appears which compels the inquiry, “ Who is the *good* man ? ” A sincere and aspiring young man once asked of an earnest preacher, after a discourse which had moved a thousand hearers : “ Pray explain how it could be that David was called ‘ a man after God’s own heart ’ when he was betrayed into the greatest of vices and crimes ? ” The reply was that he was not an *angel* after God’s heart ; that to manifest His moral power and love, God makes men of the strongest earthly im-

pulses in order to show how His grace can rule all these impulses and mould such men so as to become His fit instruments in reaching those who need a helper of like nature with themselves. Angels were not chosen as Christ's agents in man's redemption ; for Christ himself was "able to succor them that are tempted," only because "He himself was tempted in all points like as we are." Dr. Gillette has been seen to have been a *good* man, because goodness is not negative ; and because with impulses controlled, he had realized David's aspiration to "walk at *liberty*" in the way of self-restraint. There was, therefore, no class of men and no difference of opinions that he could not meet unruffled, and conquer by "stooping."

Dr. Gillette's steps were "ordered by the Lord," in his coming to Washington ; for Providence directed this, as all his former pastoral connections. One of the trials of a true Christian pastor is this : that he of all other professional men, with rare exceptions, is not permitted to live and die in one location. There are as many different missions for an eminent

preacher and a faithful pastor, as there are stages of development in intellectual and moral life; and it is the convincing proof that the call to the Christian ministry is a special and Divine calling because of the superior usefulness of the men by whom the ministry is not sought as a life of uninterrupted social congenialities. That is a rare exception in which a Christian minister does not in any one community outlive his usefulness. Young Gillette at Schenectady, as a student popular with the faculty and his fellow-students of Union College, brought a moral support to the little band of Baptists, which a man of mature mind, but restricted social relations, could not have attained. As a young pastor in Philadelphia, Mr. Gillette was the man specially fitted to break up the control of old and old-country prejudices which prevented the Baptist sentiment from taking hold of minds outside the pale of its restricted intercourse; and the influence of the young pastor promoted, if it did not begin, that increase of churches in Philadelphia which has been a wonder to other American cities. It was again the intelligent conviction

and firm course of Dr. Gillette in his mature years, as to questions of Mission and Bible work, (the special intimate as he had been of foreign missionaries and the confidant of their real sentiments on many disputed topics,) that made his coming to New York a God-send; so that the very men from whom he most differed, were the most outspoken in attesting that he was "a good man"; and that as such his "steps were ordered by the Lord" in his New York pastorate. His coming to Washington was especially such a Divine ordering; as was attested by his relations to the church, to the community, to the interests of education and philanthropy, to the demands of the National Government, and to the harmony of religious associations, North and South, which had their centre at the national capital.

It was on the 17th of January, 1864, that Dr. Gillette entered on the duties of pastor of the First Baptist church, Washington, D. C., to which office he had been invited December 6, 1863. Its history dated back to the year 1802; for three years it was weak; but from 1805, up to 1850, for forty-five years, its only pastor had

been Rev. O. B. Brown, of New Jersey. A man of rare intellectual ability, of profound Calvinistic views, yet alive to the interests of education and of missions, his resort, at first necessary, to secular employ as a clerk in Government service, greatly restricted the commanding influence which he otherwise would have exerted. At the extreme portion of the city, near the Navy Yard, a small band had been gathered in 1822; but for many years efforts had failed to organize a successful church in the heart of the growing city. In 1842, the E Street church began its successful career. Ten years later a colony from this church succeeded in erecting an elegant house of worship on 13th Street. The pressure of debt on that church in 1860; led to an effort to unite with it the First church; of which for ten years Rev. S. P. Hill, D.D., had been the admired pastor and preacher, but whose field was restricted by the foreign element which had grown up around its house of worship. The successful accomplishment of this union, the divided political sentiment which had been growing since the separation, in 1845,

of the Northern and Southern churches in mission work, and the threatened rupture of the Union on the election of Abraham Lincoln in the autumn of 1860, led to the resignation of both pastors. This was followed by the employ, supposed to be temporary, of the former pastor of the E Street church; who one year before, in 1859, had become president of the Columbian College, D. C. This connection, contrary to expectation, had lasted more than three years; the decided social predilections of two radically opposite classes in the church forbidding the hope of union on any pastor supposed to represent a section.

To his predecessor in that pastorate, the knowledge that Dr. Gillette might listen to a call, was both a pleasure and a relief. From the first assuming of the position the understanding with the temporary pastor was fixed and on both sides faithfully carried out, that, while three-fourths of his salary was provided by the college and one-fourth by the church, the remaining three-fourths should be devoted to the debt on the house. In the spring of 1862, the spire of



the beautiful edifice was caught in the very centre of the whirl of a tornado, which rocked other spires a little out of its track ; with a crash the spire had been dashed back on the main edifice, crushing the walls down to the main floor, and leaving only the basement intact. The use of several churches was offered, and that of the New York Avenue Presbyterian church, Rev. Dr. Gurley's, where President Lincoln attended, was accepted ; but only for a few weeks, since, on the day after the destruction, plans for rebuilding were immediately formed and were pushed to completion. When the walls were up and the roof on, the sudden demand for hospital accommodations required that four or five church edifices be surrendered ; the position of the President seemed to require that the church he attended should be made an example ; the order for its occupation had been given by the Secretary of War ; when the First Baptist church, whose house was just in condition not to be injured, was pressed on the acceptance of the Secretary in place of the one chosen. When Dr. Gillette was invited to visit the church, the house had

been for some weeks vacated ; it was approaching completion ; its debt had been considerably reduced and the new expense met ; and its income was free for a pastor's support. The personal acquaintance which made the succession specially coveted, began in 1843, when in the midst of a work of Divine grace, continued for some years in the E Street church, two earnest pastors of Philadelphia, Rev. Messrs. Kennard and Gillette, were invited to conduct a series of daily religious services with the First Baptist church. The younger of the two invited preachers and the young pastor of the E Street church, though separated in early educational advantages by the widest extremes, were drawn together by ties of congeniality which lasted through life ; which led to family intercourse whose influence left its indelible impress on susceptible children ; which was followed, especially during Dr. Gillette's New York pastorate, by frequent pulpit interchanges whose fruit was lasting ; and which, amid the harrowing years of the war, when all Dr. Gillette's sons were in posts of duty most exposed, and two were prisoners, one at

Richmond and another in Texas, permitted the exercise of an influence, through the chief authorities behind both contending lines, whose memory is as true and pure as its exertion was at the time appreciated by all parties interested. It was not a difficult effort to commend to the hearts of a worthy church, a man who like Dr. Gillette had determined to know only as preacher and pastor that common Master around whom true disciples never fail to unite.

The words of David were never more truly exemplified than when the steps of Dr. Gillette were directed to the relief of one who had so long sought to fill a double office, and to meet the demands of many delicate public duties unknown to any but the few on whom the heaviest national responsibilities rested. Few men whose sons were grown and all in the Union army breathed such a spirit of gentleness and Christian love, that he was alike acceptable to men of the strongest Northern and Southern social affinities. Dr. Gillette was called by Providence to this new and trying field. Before fully accepting the call, Dr. Gillette had

spent two Sabbaths, December 4th and 11th, 1863, with the church, and in his journal he dwells on the interest mutually awakened, and on his regret at leaving in New York his "united and intelligent people"; he refers specially to the fact that with all the three former pastors of the First Baptist church, Washington, he had been an esteemed co-worker, while two of them would remain as members of the church, and his supporters; and he writes as if he felt it to be significant, in alluding to the house: "It is large enough, with no side galleries to gape in emptiness upon me."

The new cares of his Washington pastorate, which he could not escape, began at once to wear on him. After three or four Sabbaths, in parting from his old church in New York, at the close of his first day's labors in Washington, January 17, 1864, he writes: "Am not well, and can not get to sleep till after tossing for hours." Among these anxieties family cares had their share. He often alludes to his "dear boys," all of whom were for a time in the war, while two, whom he delights to speak of as

"noble boys and brave," sent letters from prison and field, their cheerful hope seeming to be his greatest comfort. His "only dear daughter, Gracie," still at school in Philadelphia, is warmly mentioned and often visited. So, there was to him "a joy amid distress." That the anxieties of a father were chief, every one sees; "the eldest, Capt. James Gillette, a veteran of many battles," he writes, "is in the army of the Cumberland"; and the second, "Daniel Gano Gillette, a captive in Texas, is as noble and brave a boy as ever met a foe."

Yet there is more sunshine than cloud gleaming through his sky. When after three months his family is gathered, he speaks with delight of the "good day" enjoyed April 1, 1864, when his theme was "Jesus in the midst"; after which the late pastor gave to him and his "dear wife" the hand of Church fellowship. The completed house drew in larger congregations; eminent men, among them Hon. Ira Harris, Senator from New York, became his hearers; new interest appeared in the Sunday-school, and youth and children were converted

and baptized. Sometimes notes like this appear: "I never was with a church but I was charmed by their love for me; and I never changed but from a sense of duty." Yet more, in each place of his pastorate, New York and Washington, he had the practical wisdom to secure a *home* for his family, regarding this a first duty. In October, 1864, he had secured on good terms a neat and unpretending house, much like that he left in New York; when he writes, "I am not mercenary in my notions, but need a home, that, enjoying its advantages, I may more usefully serve Christ's cause." Among incidents of that higher mission this note is a specimen: "November 27, 1864, *Washington*. I never write that name, but a thrill of patriotism goes through my heart. It impressed me to-day as it never did before. Elizabeth Washington, a member of my church, aged ninety-two years, is visible to my mind as I saw her yesterday, strong in faith, giving glory to God. She was a grand-niece of Gen. George Washington, a descendant of his brother Augustine. She died to-day, Lord's-day, at 3 P.M. Glorious transition from earth to the great and good above."



Many public duties outside of his church relations fell with the mantle of his predecessor upon him. One of the most memorable and trying of these was his service as spiritual adviser to the would-be assassin of Secretary Seward, on the memorable night in April, 1865, when, of the several high officers of the Government selected for the same fate, President Lincoln alone became the victim of the chief conspirator. When called, after his trial and condemnation, to visit the youth who had with almost superhuman daring entered the house of Secretary Seward, passed all his attendants, mounted the stairs to his bed-chamber, struck aside his nurse, and been foiled in his persistent effort to sever the jugular artery only by the steel garniture which had been made to keep in place the broken jaw of the Secretary, fractured in a recent accident, and who had, after all this, passed coolly and successfully out, striking aside every opposer, and deliberately mounted his horse, which he had left at the door—this mere youth Dr. Gillette found to be the son of a Baptist minister, ingenuous and sincere, in

early life a professed Christian. Such had proved the serpent fascination of the chief conspirator, that he had been made to believe that the private assassination of the one whom he regarded the chief violator of the rights of his country, was as honorable and as much a duty as to shoot an enemy in battle. Not till he had taken his seat in the saddle, after his daring attempt, did the character of his act as a crime break on him. He resolved at once that he ought not, as he had proposed, to ride past the lines of the city and escape. He returned his horse to its stable; he repaired to his boarding-house; he awaited arrest; he offered no defence on his trial; he met his fate as a penitent for his crime against God and man; but death to him was that of many who fell in the same cause on the battle-field, except that they were never conscious of wrong, while he was the penitent on the cross, looking to Him who had suffered even for those like him misguided. The faithful following up of this sad yet grateful duty wore upon Dr. Gillette's nervous sensibilities, as he often said, more than months of ordinary

pastoral duty. In his journal he speaks of spending the night with him; of accompanying him at the gallows, when he and others, "one a woman," met their fate; and he says, "The vision haunted me for nights! It was horrible!" And yet this was but a specimen of the wearing to which Washington pastors are subjected. For, a city where a majority of the population are either directly or indirectly dependent on Government employ, where appointments are subject to political influence, and ten or more applicants for every position are waiting and anxious, with exhausted pecuniary resources and heart-sick with delay and disappointed hope, and where the sympathy and friendly interposition of an esteemed Christian minister is every day and by conflicting applicants invoked, the ordinary duties of official station, alike of heads of Departments and of Christian ministers, is not half the burden of constant care. Alive to all these sympathies to an unusual degree, called to meet both classes, the needy of both sections as well as of many localities, Dr. Gillette, at the close of the war in 1865, found his second year's

pastorate, though the most blessed, yet the most trying; for "trials are blessings in disguise."

It was an equally trying duty to meet consistently yet lovingly his brethren in new associational relations. His whole soul rose against the introduction in any religious gathering of any allusion that could be regarded as betraying sectional animosity. Thus in his journal of the Lord's-day after President Lincoln's second inauguration, in recording the report of the youths' missionary meeting, at which Hon. Ira Harris presided and a Western Congressman spoke, he writes: "I am not for mixing politics and religion. I forbid the bans; and God does." But when President Lincoln, five weeks after, was assassinated he was foremost to invite at his lecture-room the clergymen of the city to join in denouncing the crime.

Unlike all the other Baptist churches of Washington, the others being connected with the Maryland Union Baptist Association, the First church was connected with the Potomac Association in Virginia. During all the years

of the war that affiliation had not been broken ; when the war closed, renewed fraternal interchange was required. To one accustomed to the double association maintained with both the Southern and the National Societies from the era of their separation in 1845, that twofold intercourse was comparatively easy, and it had its reliefs such as Christ himself certainly designed in His own framing of mān's elastic nature, now oppressed with care and now excited even to merriment. Dr. William R. Williams, in his Madison Avenue lecture on "The Church in its Relation to the State," delivered in New York shortly after the war, pictures the scene when the two opposing political parties, the State-Rights or Herodian, and the National or Roman-Imperial, pooled their differences in their effort to draw forth some treasonable remark from Jesus in response to their question, "Is it lawful to pay tribute to Cæsar or no?"—a question apparently embarrassing in view of what Jesus had said to Peter when that apostle was asked whether his Master paid tribute to the Roman governor. The admirable adroitness of

Jesus, and the smile of actual humor that must have played on the faces of the common people, who heard Jesus gladly, is depicted when Christ called for a Roman denarius, and, holding it up, asked, "Whose image and superscription hath it?"—all the crowd instinctively seeing how the crafty political aspirants were caught in the trap they had set for the people's favorite. So, when in June, 1865, the Virginia Anniversaries were held at Richmond, and the fabulous sums collected and expended were read, and the enormous balances in the treasury were reported "all in Confederate funds," the painful memories of depreciated and now worthless securities could not keep down the smile that wreathed with circles, constantly broadening and widening, the features of those consecrated servants of Christ, only disappointed in their political expectations. More trying still, yet met with an air of manly fortitude, was the reference to a committee of the provision four years before inserted in the constitution, which now required that the word "Confederate" be again changed to the "*United States.*" When now, in the autumn of

that same year, the Potomac Association met, whose sessions since 1861 had been prevented because its territory had been the constant seat of war, and when the proposition to amend its constitution by inserting the word "Confederate" for "United," laid over for a year under rule and now after four years' delay first come up for action — when this proposed amendment was read by the clerk as a *new* question, the alternating expressions which flitted across the countenances of those truly noble, loyal, patriotic, and Christian men, if a painter could have caught and copied them, would have formed a masterpiece of art. Dr. Gillette and his Washington associates sat as peers among their Virginia brethren, weeping with those that wept, yet smiling with all when the alternating swing of the pendulum came; for "man is a pendulum between smiles and tears." It was a scene that angels smiled upon even more benignly than true men; for it was witness how Christ rules in the hearts of His people. Such exhibitions at the close of the war showed why during the four years of war, whose result was to give freedom



to four millions of blacks, one-tenth of whose number and one-fourth of whose mature men were members of Baptist churches, not an instance of insurrection occurred; while, too, at its close not a man occupying official station, from the president of the Confederate States down, was ever tried for treason. Among his brethren met in the Potomac Association, Dr. Gillette was not only a brother among his brethren, but a prince among his peers; so noble was his bearing and so sincerely was his leadership sought in their devotions and their counsels.

Not only new duties as a citizen were thus to be met, but all his old associations with the societies organized for Mission, Bible, and Publication work, which had won his life-long interest, continued to be his care. Wherever the anniversaries he was present; and he alludes to presiding and speaking on many occasions in Philadelphia, New York, and elsewhere. When St. Louis was for prudential reasons selected, he was there; and he dwells with interest on crossing for the first time in his life the "Father of Waters." Even marriages and funerals took him often to

the fields of his two former pastorates. Many city demands also were pressed on him. At one time he speaks of occupying for a time the place of Rev. Dr. Gray, chaplain of the Senate, absent through illness or necessary occupation. Above all and most taxing of all, as in Philadelphia and New York, so in Washington, every organization for the promotion of charity enlisted his large heart. The Young Men's Christian Association, the Evangelical Alliance, made their demands. The Columbian College, in which after the war his son Daniel became a student, had a large place in his sympathies; for the former pastor of Sansom Street church, Dr. Staughton, had been its first president; up to 1827 it had been directly associated, through the labors of Luther Rice, with Foreign Missions; and for many years before coming to Washington, Dr. Gillette had been one of its trustees. Most taxing of all was his relation to the Columbia Hospital for Women; which was organized in his study; of whose Board he became the president; for whose interests he devoted many days until Congress came to appreciate and aid his effort; and to

whose inmates as chaplain he gave his services on Sunday afternoon as well as on other occasions. The first gathering to organize instruction of colored youth for the ministry at the close of the war was in conjunction with his predecessor at the lecture-room of the First Baptist church.

Dr. Gillette's pastorate of five years' toil amid trial, came to an abrupt close. Often during the five years of his pastorate he had written in his private journal of wear on his physical energies. Thus on Lord's-day November 6, 1864, he mentions baptizing after sermon "Lingam B. Allen, of Norfolk, a student of Columbian College"; in the afternoon of officiating at the funeral of Mr. Grover, proprietor of Grover's Theatre; then of attending the Youths' Mission Society meeting, "addressed by Thomas S. Samson," by himself and by others; then of baptizing after the evening sermon, "a surgeon in the army, and two young ladies"; and he adds this sadly plaintive note: "I am greatly fatigued. But, O, it is sweet to grow tired in trying to persuade my erring fellow-men, immortals, to a better life; to enter a course which fits them for, and contin-

ues them in, enjoyments which only a hope in Jesus can secure." Again June 11, 1865, he writes: "I preached twice, with other services; but I suffered intensely from my old trouble. I have something in common with Robert Hall. . . . He knows what we need to keep us sensible of our frailty and mortality. May I aspire after immortality." In the summer of 1868, his notes of weariness and his efforts to diminish his labors are frequent. July 10, 1868, he writes: "Intensely hot; a blazing sun. A funeral Friday, not much study and a poor preparation for my work. Yet I preached three times, twenty minutes each." On the 27th of July he refers to this again; and says, "I have been ill ever since, but am better now, yet weak. The good Lord has use for me; and as long as He has, will keep me alive." On another Sunday he writes: "Four services to-day; two too many." Tuesday, Aug. 4th, at the Potomac Association he says: "Declined preaching in the grove; too feeble; but made two addresses." After an effort at rest in a brief trip to New York and Philadelphia, he writes: "Lord's-day, October

11th. Preached to my people, A.M.; at dedication of Georgetown Baptist church, P.M.; to my people again at eve. Wearied in mind and body I expect to work until I die. May the Lord Jesus work with me with signs following." Next day, Monday eve, he preached and baptized at Georgetown.

This work, necessary but over-wearing, reached its climax. He had finished an earnest discourse and a fervent prayer on the morning of Sunday, January 1, 1869; when, in feeling for his list of notices, he was seen to be losing consciousness. Two of his deacons hastened to the platform and assisted him to a chair, where he seemed sufficiently revived to be left thus seated. His predecessor in the pastorate was present and concluded the service; assuming again for some months the charge of pastoral work; until its present pastor, Rev. J. H. Cuthbert, was called from Augusta, Ga., and became its esteemed leader.

The melancholy, pleasing record of this last event in his Washington pastorate appears in a note made that day, January 1, 1869; after

which his journal is blank up to November, 1870. On that evening he wrote: "I can only record the incoming of a solemn New Year; and I an invalid, my poor head, or intellect, unfitted for mental effort. How long! O Lord, how long! Perhaps disabled for the rest of time's travel, and only a waif on its tide. The will of the Lord be done! I was struck in the pulpit and fell in front of my *Communion Table*. Carried home, not knowing what was my condition." It is not until a year and eight months later that he recalls and more intelligently describes the events of the day. During the five years of his Washington pastorate, 121 members were added to the church: 71 by letter, 43 by baptism, and 7 by experience. His pastorship was resigned April 14, 1869.

The echo of inspired sayings, as Jesus himself taught, is heard through all ages and finds its response in every heart that has once been truly consecrated to Christ's cause. The inquiring prayer of Saul of Tarsus, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?" is the life-long guide of every true servant of the Divine Master. It

heeds and follows the wisdom of Solomon: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might!" It catches in childhood the spirit that spoke in the boy Jesus: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" and while earthly sustenance and rest are felt to be needed, it forgets all these when meeting a single fallen one that may be redeemed; for it exclaims, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me and to finish his work." Hence when toil and sacrifice are ended, it can humbly yet truthfully say: "I have glorified Thee on the earth: I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do."



## VIII.

### GENERAL INTERESTS.

THE life-work Dr. Gillette had chosen, was to him the most delightful of callings. Outside of and beyond its spiritual mission and purpose, he had sounded the depths, scaled the heights, and encompassed in his heart the physical and moral effect upon society of active Christian labor. Always less of a theologian than a humanitarian, quite as much of the working time of his life as his church demanded he gave with equal devotion to other enterprises which, if they form no part of specific pastoral duty, nevertheless move side and side with the spirit of Christ.

He was always at work; unfortunately without severe system, albeit with great thoroughness. Whatever call came, found him ever on the alert and ready. Only the night

seemed to belong to him; and only his family knew how, when the world had lain aside its burdens, his study lamp shone o'er his bowed head long after nature had warned him to slumber.

We have seen that during his brief pastorate in Schenectady, his sympathies extended clear beyond the circle of his immediate charge. How new fields were explored; the old standard planted till places that had known no Christian society grew to have churches; and the rude smithy, from the door of which he spoke the glad tidings, expanded into a temple to the Most High.

The same outreaching zeal he carried to his church in Philadelphia. He was no unheralded stranger there. The months of labor among the denominations of that city—where he went to solicit aid for his people in Schenectady—had introduced him to almost every evangelical society in that staid and solemn town; while the hospitable doors that had opened to him, had let his genial personality into the hearts of very many men of wide secular influence, whose

public influence made further demands upon his time.

The sixteen years he spent in Philadelphia were full of development in educational and religious privileges.

In the churches of the colored people he began an immediate interest, preaching to them whenever he could find occasion; urging their pastors to study themselves, and to insist upon preparatory study in such of their young men as contemplated entering the ministry. As a means to that end he aided greatly in organizing night schools in their meeting-houses, teaching in them himself, and from their pulpits called on them to prepare themselves for citizenship by such advantages as these schools afforded.

In hospitals and benevolent institutions of all kinds he was a frequent visitor, giving to and begging for the needy. So closely did the care of the sick lie to his heart that he endured not a little ridicule for his earnest personal efforts and outspoken encouragement of what was at that time an alarming heresy--the Medical Col-

lege for Women—which has since grown beyond the need of praise.

At Moyamensing prison and the Houses of Refuge he often preached, and visited at other times, suggesting helpful privileges for convicts, such as books and amusements looking to their awakening interest in the better walks of society; and there was scarcely another question of public concern during his residence in Philadelphia that does not somewhere record his name in the lists of its promoters.

Local politics in Philadelphia prior to, and for years after Dr. Gillette took up his residence there seemed to involve but one issue, to resist the encroachments of the Roman Church and the efforts of the Papal Bishops to interfere with the public-school system. Into these contests Dr. Gillette rushed with an ardor worthy of his ancestry. In 1844 the question had assumed such proportions that public meetings were convened in Independence Square to protest against the proposition to suspend the reading of the Scriptures in the public schools. The proposal appeared in the form of an open

letter from Bishop Kendrick of the diocese of Philadelphia, calling upon the "Faithful" to suppress such readings of the Bible as pernicious, and claiming that "the word" "uninterpreted by the Church was incomplete and tended to irreverence," and holding in justification of such interference with the practice then in vogue at the schools, that there was nothing either in the Constitution or the laws of this country that anywhere recognized the Bible, much less any particular sect founded upon its teachings.

The public mind was inflamed; and on the 11th of March, 1844, Independence Square was thronged with an excited multitude called to hear the cause of the people against the Church.

To this meeting, Dr. Gillette, who throughout the discussion in the public journals and in less prominent gatherings had uttered the boldest sentiments, was called as a speaker.

Anonymous letters threatened, and anxious friends warned him of his danger. Threats and entreaties alike only served to confirm the conviction that the enemies of Protestant Christian-

ity in Protestant America, who had for years been plotting and in ambush, had at last advanced into the open field where there was a chance to meet them eye to eye and blade to blade.

Those of his brethren who remember so pleasantly and testify so tenderly to the gentle spirit whose voice in Church councils was ever pleading for harmony, would hardly recognize in the fiery orator of that day their genial friend; for if ever a voice called to revolution, his did. His words were not well weighed perhaps, but they were born of the occasion and fitted it. As one reads the address to-day, one may smile, but does not forget that the speaker was nearly half a century nearer the times when the Vatican was something more than a tale that is told.

Of Bishop Kendrick he exclaimed:

“Thank heaven, he is not bishop of me! Is he of you, my countrymen? No! No! you well say, ‘No’! He has disturbed the Eagle in her nest as she broods her young liberty Eaglets. She will tear every shred of his tinselled trappings to atoms and his tiara from his pate,

e'er she relinquishes the least morsel of the heavenly food she has provided for her young.

“I have been advised not to appear in this Square to-day. My friends have feared for my person, my life, saying, let it be a question between the people and the Jesuits. So it is. So it will remain. I came here in compliance with the request of the gentlemen who arranged this meeting. I am a Baptist clergyman, a denomination to whom and of whom Washington uttered memorable words commemorative of their unflinching devotion to the principles of the Revolution, and I have the honor to be grandson to two men, one a clergyman, who perilled all in the cause of American liberty; but I came as one of the people; and who, because I am a clergyman, shall deter me from using means whereby my country shall be blessed, and the curse of alien intrusion rolled off her bosom! I have a stake in society. I love my race, my country, my children. If to keep the Bible where they may have access to its holy teachings, need should be, I will resist ‘unto blood, striving against sin.’ I make no reserve; I



pledge all in a war so glorious as that which preserves an open Bible in the schools of my country. Yes! if to do so I must yield my life to the sword, my life is ready for the sacrifice."

In concluding his harangue, Dr. Gillette calls on the Papacy to reform, give o'er its follies and cease the attempt to mould liberty after Roman models. If nothing moves it—

"Its votaries will then appear  
Idiot-like gazing in the brook,  
Leaping at stars, fastening in the mud,  
At glory grasping, but in infamy to sink."

If Dr. Gillette's friends were in dread as to what he might say, they were now thoroughly alarmed at what he had said, of a title of which they had not deemed him capable. They surrounded him as a guard and spirited him out of a crowd where violence had been loudly threatened, to the house of a friend, and singularly enough a Catholic friend, but an American, where he spent the night in safety.

It required the shedding of blood later on, before the questions of that hour were suffered to rest; and in the streets of Philadelphia the

orator of that day faced unharmed the missiles of the "No Bible Party."

Such prominence introduced him to a wide range of people utterly apart from sectarian circles. He was in demand for lectures, meetings of public import, assemblies, conventions, dedications, receptions of distinguished visitors, even for political coteries, which in those days clustered about certain individuals whose homes were then the "Halls" where public men and measures were discussed.

In 1835, after a residence of a few months in Philadelphia, he had fulfilled the promise of his heart by marrying Hannah, the eldest daughter of his friend James Jenkins, Esq., of New York, at whose house he had been entertained on the occasion of his first visit to the metropolis.

About the home over which she presided clustered a varied company of friends, social at all times, but belonging to many walks and diverse creeds.

The writer has witnessed the sombre wedding of a solemn colored couple in the kitchen while

the parlors were thronged with such people as Philadelphia remembers with pride.

It was the home to which the great Judson came as comes a brother, and where he met and wooed his wife, Emily Chubbuck, (Fanny Forrester); where such missionaries as Dean and Abbot, and the Karen and Japanese converts, knew the welcome they could not doubt.

Bluff old General Reily left his son under that roof-tree while he led his division through the Mexican war, and beneath its shelter young students for the ministry destitute of means lived without a care. Again a Polish exile and his family picked out of the dregs of misery and misfortune shared its comforts; and it has happened that strangers seeking merely a night's rest have died there, without a grave and uncoffined but for the master of that humble house. And when we read the modest record of these days and see between the lines the funerals, the visits to the sick, the weddings, and the countless calls of lesser moment, we wonder also to read that the church grew apace and members were added to the fold. During

these years he received calls to other churches, and especially the honor of two invitations to become chaplain of the University of Virginia, a distinction which he felt it his duty to decline.

To New York he came in 1852, unknown to very many of the people, although not a stranger to their pastors. The church then worshipping in Hope Chapel, at his suggestion and mostly with his assistance moved into a new edifice on West 23d Street, where he again took up the thread of social and public life, to repeat the history of Philadelphia.

Every interest with which he had identified himself in Philadelphia was duplicated in New York in some form, especially the care of the colored churches, with whose people he quickly established himself, employing his usual methods of help and instruction.

Probably his chiefest solicitude went out toward the Young Men's Christian Association, then merely a suggestion of its present power; and perhaps is due to him as much as to any other the coherence of that benevolence when it struggled for life and was about to fall

apart. The Hon. Cephas Brainerd, writing of Dr. Gillette's work for the Association, says:

“Out of an unfortunate difference relating to the management of the affairs of the Association, a controversy arose which attracted great public attention and resulted finally—in the then heated state of the public mind on political questions—in somewhat extensive belief that the Association was engaged in the discussion of the slavery question; a belief quite unfounded in general fact, though there were two or three speeches on that topic. As one consequence something like one hundred and seventy-five gentlemen withdrew in a body from the organization.

“The controversy and debate ended early in the spring of 1857, just about the time when preparations were to be made for the May anniversary. One of the gentlemen, prominent as a leader among those that withdrew, announced on the floor of the Association as he bade it farewell, that no preparation had been made for the anniversary, and that in his opinion it would be impossible to find a church in the city where

an anniversary could be held. A committee was appointed, however, to make what arrangements were possible, and Dr. Gillette was applied to for the use of his church. He understood the controversy which had disturbed the Association. He was willing to pardon something of heat and excitement in young men; he had faith in their desire to do right and to be right. He cordially co-operated with those who remained in the Association in their efforts to arrange for this their most important meeting, and the result was that the anniversary was held in Calvary Baptist church, Dr. Gillette taking the lead in arranging for it. The church was crowded on the occasion. Dr. Webster, president of the Free Academy, presided. President Sturtevant, of Illinois College, Rev. Dr. Edwin F. Hatfield, Rev. Dr. R. M. Hatfield, and the Rev. Dr. Theodore Cuyler, taking active part in the exercises; and only those familiar with the situation of affairs at the time can truly appreciate the value of the contribution thus made to the cause of the Association.

“Years afterward, however, Dr. Gillette made

a contribution of much greater value. This was in 1863, the period of greatest depression during the Civil war. Many young men were in the army. Great calls were made for the use of money in that direction. The membership of the Association was greatly diminished. It had become deeply involved in debt, and arrangements had been made, and publicly stated, for winding up the affairs of the Association and transferring its small personal property to some of its early friends who had abandoned its active service, and who were willing to become its executors and pay the debt.

“A meeting was called in the rooms of the Association to vote upon that scheme. Dr. Gillette, who had always continued a member of the Association, was the only clergyman present. After the plans had been presented and the young men had expressed their views, Dr. Gillette, who had occupied a seat in the most distant corner of the room, addressed the little meeting. He expressed his great confidence in the purpose of the Association ; his appreciation of the work it had accomplished ; his belief in



its future and in the existence of a great need for such an organization ; he opposed the proposition to disband, and proposed himself to take part in a movement for the payment of its debt and the rearrangement of its finances. The vote on the motion to disband was lost probably by reason of that promise, and nobly was it redeemed. Dr. Gillette stands in my memory and judgment with the four or five men to whom New York is really indebted for the Young Men's Christian Association as it exists to-day."

The present secretary of the Association speaks of the same time ; how when the Society was in arrears for rent and likely to be called upon to vacate its premises, Dr. Gillette appealed to them most feelingly, begging that the Association might continue to exist and offering the basement of his church for their home until fortune should again favor them.

He interested the clergymen of the city in their behalf till the various pastors met in convention at the Fifth Avenue hotel, and subsequently from their pulpits solicited the aid which placed the Association beyond want.

It is not easy to estimate the deeds of to-day ; but one knows how easy it is to forget the sources of greatness and power ; oaks from acorns, and forests of oaks born of the germ planted by a hand that was never lifted to ask for recognition.

The breaking out of the Civil war awakened in Dr. Gillette a wonderful spirit of patriotic labor. At numerous meetings his voice was heard in encouragement and hope. His Church was opened immediately for the reception and distribution of hospital stores. Thirty of the young men of his church joined regiments and marched away each with his benediction ; and, when his own four sons one after another entered the ranks of the army, they did so with never a murmur of dissent from him.

During all these bloody years he was a constant visitor to the hospitals for the wounded, and became active in the work of the Christian Commission in its ministrations to the sick and disabled. His journal records how during the riots of 1863 in New York, he was stoned, insulted, and abused on his merciful errands to

Bellevue Hospital, and how with a pistol at his breast his money was demanded by the thieves whose carnival it was. But of men he had no fear at any time or under any circumstances ; and it would startle some of those who knew and loved the sweetness of his nature to learn of encounters of which the writer was a witness, where righteous indignation took a more emphatic form than mild rebuke. In the riots in Philadelphia, as on the field of Bull Run, where he barely escaped capture while seeking tidings of his eldest son, who was reported missing ; so again among the wounded in the battle with Early around Washington, he moved, if not unconscious of, yet seemingly indifferent to, danger. There was nothing aggressive, burly, or pugnacious in his disposition ; but what might under certain provocation seem so, was but the manliness born of his honest intent and purposes. With aggregate sin he had only a Christian's quarrel. It saddened but never angered him. But with uncleanness, depravity, and crime, he believed in instant suppression by the handiest, the speediest, and most vigorous means.

At Washington, whither he removed in 1864, he was presented to a much wider arena for the exercise of his humanitarian impulses.

His church there was one of great political differences. Many of its members were outspoken sympathizers with the Confederate cause, as they were mingled by many ties of blood and family with Southern society. Fortunately their adverse opinions had not broken out into open discord, but it was reserved for Dr. Gillette, while there could be no doubt as to his position on the National question, to turn the thoughts of his people toward their simple Christian duty, utterly ignoring whatever social or political gulfs might stretch between individuals or families. Over these slumbering but wakeful discords he threw the mantle of his own great charity. To friend and foe he had the same greeting of heart and hand, and to every house he carried the graces of a spirit that apparently knew the one bond of perfect brotherhood, and that only. Here he grew into the service of the Nation. The Baptist mothers all over the country whose sons were in disgrace,

under sentence of death, or in need of help, applied to Dr. Gillette, until his face grew familiar at the White House and at the several departments of the Government. There are men living to-day whose lives he begged at the door of the Executive. Of Mr. Lincoln he used to say he never asked in vain; and even the great War Secretary, hard and unyielding as he seemed to many others, always heard him speedily and patiently. He delighted to recount how Mr. Lincoln, after hearing his plea for the life of a deserter sentenced to death, hesitated long, urging his own duty to the struggling army dying so faithfully and devotedly. "Yes! Mr. President, but this is scarcely more than a child, and the only one left to his widowed mother."

"Is that so, Doctor? Well, then let the poor fellow live." And hastily indorsing a commutation of the death penalty, he handed it to the Doctor and bade him take it to the Secretary of War.

As in New York, so in Washington he resumed his voluntary labors in the soldiers'

hospitals, and many a long night when nurses were wanting he held vigils with the groaning men, to many of whom he gave of the water of which if a man drink he shall never thirst. But the saddest duty in all that sad time came when the greatest friend the republic ever had fell by the assassin's hand.

Payne, the attempted murderer of Mr. Seward, after his sentence sent for him to be with him during the remaining hours of his life. It was an awful duty, made more terrible by the fact that Payne was the son of a Baptist clergyman. He was with him in his cell the entire night before the execution, and stood with him on the scaffold and saw the four wretches sent into the life beyond, with all their horrible writhings and sickening gasps. No scene in all that dreadful war equalled that. For days he was bowed in sorrow. He would lie upon the sofa for hours, shading his eyes with his hand as if to shut out the vision of death. At times he would murmur, "Horrible!" "Horrible!" and start away as if to divert his thoughts from the dreadful theme; and until a year or two before

his own change came, he was wont to say that the hours he spent with the four conspirators did more to break him down than all his years of service.

The war ended, and the problem of the freedman became the most important to all classes of the people. Into its solution he threw the whole force of his experience and influence, working side and side with his friend Gen. Howard in the establishment of schools for these people; whose race, both in Philadelphia and New York, had claimed his anxious and helpful care. He acted for a time as chaplain of the Senate, also of the Government Asylum, also as a member of the Board of Trustees of Columbian College to which he had been elected.

But perhaps the largest monument to his memory now exists in the Columbian Hospital for Women at Washington, of which he was the first president, and which had its origin with his friends, Dr. Thompson, Rev. Dr. Hall, and himself. For this charity he begged of friends and of Congress; and what began with a few beds, one nurse, and Dr. Thompson as medical direc-



tor, now has no superior among the merciful institutions of America.

With his interest in this benign charity ended the really hard work of his life. The decade and more of years that followed, flowed along in the same channels, but with deeper and less hurrying currents. It was the flow of the river as it nears the sea, where it merges and is lost forever.

It began among the freshening dews on the grasses of the Jackson hills, and widened ever onward to its close. It gladdened many a humble cottage along its bourns and blessed the mighty cities as it passed. What commerce it bore of hopes new-born, hearts upraised, humanity ennobled, and souls saved, God knows and will remember.

## IX.

### CLOSING SCENES.

IT had been Dr. Gillette's conviction—and perhaps in a certain sense his desire—that he might die in his pulpit. It was in his pulpit that the hand of the Master first beckoned him.

From his church one Sabbath morning in the early winter of 1869 he was borne to his home with a nameless confusion of mind, which, while it did not prostrate, nevertheless dazed and stunned him.

With no apparent departure from his usual forms, he had conducted the entire service of the morning, with the addition of the rite attending the admission of new members into the church; but with a flushed face and excited manner he recalled the people who were dispersing, and attempted for the third time to announce the services for the coming week.

Fortunately the Rev. Doctors Samson and Hill were present, and together concluded the communion services, while he sat in his accustomed place scarcely conscious of his surroundings.

On arriving at home, he seated himself by the fire in the deepest dejection, looking strangely at his family, who were prudently endeavoring to seem unconscious that anything unusual had occurred. For a long time he sat silently, till, turning to his wife, he said, "Dear, what happened to-day at the church?"

"Nothing; except you were perhaps not feeling quite well," she replied.

"But something awful *must* have happened," he continued; "for I remember nothing at all of what I did except to give the hand of fellowship."

That evening he wrote in his diary a few faltering lines in wonder at his condition, and a yearning cry for light to see the beyond, yet with a faith unclouded and a resignation almost unearthly, when one considers what his situation meant to such a man.

The following day he could neither read nor

write without exquisite pain, and every effort to fix his thoughts upon any specific labor caused him to cry out in alarm. A few days of complete rest sufficiently restored him so as to relieve his head of pain; but with his partially restored mental vigor came a full comprehension of his condition. He found himself a man just past sixty, erect, and to all appearance without a bodily infirmity, after forty years of public life, suddenly, rudely silenced, when, to his zealous soul, his mission seemed only half finished. The writer walked with him one night when he seemed most despondent, urging him with vain sophistry to consider, that whereas it is said of good men, "they rest from their labors and their works do follow them," it was permitted him to rest and to see the fruit of all his toil. Alas! it was not of comfort he was thinking or for rewards he was grieving. He was alive, and there was work to do—the work of his life for which he would have given that life. He wept that in a world of worlds to conquer he was disarmed and a captive. He seemed actually ashamed that the message of great joy should

die upon his lips, and that a herald of Christ should stand voiceless upon the walls of Zion. To realize it cost him untold sorrow.

Under advice of his physician he gave up every interest and went abroad, his wife and daughter accompanying him. He had journeyed to Europe in 1857, and there became acquainted with many who, upon this second visit, gave him a hearty welcome. But the temptation to work and preach was steadfastly resisted. The only clerical office he performed was the marriage ceremony of his only daughter, Grace, to Mr. Norman W. Dodge, which he solemnized in the American chapel in Paris in July, 1869.

From Paris he went direct to Belgium. At Baden he took the baths, and submitted to a systematic course of treatment and idleness. Thence to Lausanne, where recreation and pleasant companionship supplemented the skill of his physicians. His recovery was rapid, and from an invalid with trembling faculties and enfeebled limbs, new light and life shone in upon him, and a five-mile walk became pastime.

Returning to Paris, he spent five weeks there, as his journal records, "sight-seeing and looking after the good of our Baptist mission, and preaching on several occasions."

From Paris he went to London, where work again beset him. The Baptist pastors of London, who had learned to know him in many ways, gave him their pulpits. He writes: "Preached often at St. John's chapel (late Baptist Noel's), Bloomsbury, Dr. Brock's, and others; made four addresses to Mr. Spurgeon's students and people; made many speeches on various interesting occasions, and was happy." "Happy," indeed, that there was yet something for him to do in the cause which to him touched the stars. None can know how happy, unless, like him, they have stared into the future and seen a vista of years still to be threaded, as one threads a labyrinth, life and love behind, and onward, deepening gloom and mystery.

Work had begun again, but the warning voice of nature was well heard and well heeded. On his return to America in May, 1870, he continued to recreate himself, visiting loved friends

and scenes. In September of that year he assumed pastoral charge of the Gethsemane Baptist church in Brooklyn—a small interest, but suited, as he says, to his condition of health. He considered that he could no longer hope to work among the foremost; and nothing so clearly illustrates the hearty sincerity of his interest in life as the cheerfulness with which he accepted an humble service where he could hope for nothing save the joy that comes of congenial duty.

He wrote no more sermons. Out of the fullness of his wide experience he spoke, and out of the tenderness born of a long life of ever-ready sympathy he led his flock like a shepherd. "This is the way; come, walk ye in it" with me; and even the little children understood him, for his Sunday-school grew, even though the church might stand still. So was it later on, when increasing strength seemed to warrant a larger field, and he removed to Sing Sing, where again the Spirit answered him in great encouragement. Both these charges he retained only long enough to be assured they



were ready to call and support a younger life than his; when he moved along to another and his final charge at North New York, there to accomplish the last measure of his love for the souls of men.

With every year added to him grew his affection for the people of God, and never did love more potent dwell in the heart of man. He seemed to feel intuitively that this was his last labor. He took up his residence where he could look out upon the church, and though it was but a rude structure to the temples in which he had preached, yet he loved it as he never loved any other. As in every other church, the little children ran to him in groups to have him speak to them and call them by his endearing names; and wherever there was a young life he knew the springs of its sweetest impulses and touched them with the hand of a master. Nothing in all his being, no attribute of manhood, no aptitude of association, no tact with men, no power of mind could exceed the exhibition of his overweening manner toward the young. All through his journal he speaks of his faith in them—his

love for them. They are the "growing pillars of the Church"; and it was a touching sight to see the little tots in the streets leave their play, run to his side, and taking his hand walk demurely along while he chatted with them in words scarcely older than their own. How tearfully his journal reads where he records: "To-day I buried a little child. What unearthly beauty, and how close to heaven." His heart knew of its own deep knowledge; for, his first-born, a daughter, died at the age of three years, and his last-born, a daughter grown to womanhood, whom he bade farewell in youth and health on Saturday, he saw again, on the Wednesday following, sleeping in everlasting silence.

This blow came just after his return from Europe, and just as he had taken up his work again with new courage and cheerful hope. He was addressing a convention in the West when a telegram was put into his hands announcing that the child, about whom he had woven all the poetry of his being, was dying. A weary night in the cars brought him crushed and

broken to her coffin. Yet Heaven was kind, for standing there he saw and told us of a vision that stilled the storm forever in his heart, while heaven thenceforth had a sweeter meaning.

Thanksgiving day, 1881—only a few months before he entered into his own rest—his heart again touched the depths of mortal sorrow. It was at the bedside of his eldest son, Colonel James Gillette, who lay dying.

He had answered the first call of his country, and during almost every hour of the civil war—with the exception of five months spent in Libby prison—was ever in the field. It was for his wounded body the father had searched on the field of Bull Run, and through the terrors of twenty battles had waited to hear the worst.

It was no ordinary affection, therefore, that seemed ending there on that day of thanks for God's goodness and mercy to men. Perhaps it was the solemn excitement of the scene; perhaps the pity of the Great Master for the sadness of His servant; but the clouds lifted from his mind, and his speech came clear as crystal, as he took his boy's hand, kissed his brow, and

spoke to him of the hope of heaven. He received one word of assurance, and turned away. It was a fitting close to the most loving part of his earthly mission that his last words of comfort to the dying should fall into the soul of a son so dear.

Peacefully and usefully his life moved along until the May meetings at Saratoga in 1880; when, at an evening session, Sunday, the 23d, he uttered his last words to the churches. It was on behalf of the American and Foreign Bible Society; of which he had been a member for forty years and more. Speaking of the Society, he said:

“I have known the history of this Society. I have known it, to bless God for it. I have known it to the increase of my love for the brethren with whom I have associated; and I have a desire to see the world illuminated in the Gospel of God as it shines in the face of Jesus Christ His Son. What a treasure! Bind it to your hearts. Let it swell your bosoms with gratitude to Him who gave you through it the knowledge of salvation. Give of that

Gospel, that others may be blessed as you have been blessed.”

Added to the somewhat exciting discussion, of which the words quoted formed a part, the day had been intensely warm, while the night which followed was sultry and enervating. The next morning he found himself unable to rise without assistance; although by a great effort of will he succeeded in getting down-stairs, and even later on in walking to the meetings, but very soon to return. Some friends found him seated on the veranda of the hotel, perfectly conscious of his situation, but quite helpless. In reply to anxious inquiries, he exclaimed, through his tears, “My hand has lost its cunning!”

He was removed to his country home at Lake George, where in a few weeks much of the lost power in his hand returned, and he could assist himself with apparent freedom. His mind remained clear, and all his faculties quite at his command, till one warm day he ventured on a long walk over a sandy way to the house of a neighbor whose little boy had

been drowned in the lake the day previous, and at whose funeral he was to offer a prayer. This exertion developed another form of his malady (aphasia), and his speech became incoherent ; that in turn to be followed by attacks of epilepsy at gradually decreasing intervals.

With the exception of his inability to express his thoughts in appropriate language, he had lost little of his power to form ideas or to comprehend the happenings of the day ; but there was a sluggish recognition of the relevancy of words, so that only those accustomed to his modes of expression could understand him readily or communicate readily with him.

Until his eyesight became sadly impaired, he read daily several hours and wrote occasional letters, but in the halting manner of his speech and with the same confusion of language, through which, however, his thoughts could be easily defined. On the Sabbath-day he defied the advice of friends or the threatenings of the weather, and insisted upon going to church somewhere to some service, from which he seemed always to derive great pleasure.

Soon, however, his sight grew so defective that he became utterly dependent upon others for mental life. The events of the day he heard every morning; walks, conversation, etc., beguiled the hours till evening; when music or the reading of essays or religious news prepared him for the night.

Naturally the helplessness of his condition induced at times great depression of spirits, always, however, to be succeeded by a degree of resignation, when he would express aloud his thanks to God that he was free from pain and ready to live or die, as God willed.

The Sunday night just preceding the final attack which prostrated him, he joined heartily in a little service of song, and kissing his loved ones good-night, as was his invariable custom, he retired in cheerful mood. The following morning he was stricken, and went to his bed, never to rise from it.

The month of his final illness was a succession of partial recoveries and relapses, till on the morning of August 24, 1882, God was kind to him. No more delicious day ever dawned for



him. Death came amid the perfection of nature in the home where he had found his only undisturbed rest in all the years.

It was not a mighty mind or a great career that ended there, unless we measure mind by the sublimity of its purposes, and greatness by its toils and results. But fame to him was only another name for usefulness, and whatever of glory there was he gave to God, since it was won in His service.

He died peacefully, restfully, painlessly, without a throe, a look, or a word. Death fell on him as twilight falls and deepens. The hand that for more than half a century had pointed mankind to the loftiest aims, slowly sought his side. It was the stilling of a heart that knew the hearts of men;—the flight of a spirit that won love, and has flown where love is deathless.

## X.

### ABSTRACT OF FUNERAL DISCOURSE

BY THE REV. DR. R. S. MACARTHUR.

ON Sunday morning, September 3, 1882, the pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church preached in his own pulpit the funeral sermon of his beloved predecessor, Rev. A. D. Gillette, D.D. The text chosen is in Job v. 26: "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in its season." It was pointed out in the sermon that Dr. Gillette was fully ripe (1) In the Godward tendencies of a pious ancestry. (2) He was ripe in the opportunities and experiences of a long life. (3) He was ripe in the results of an active life for God's glory and man's good; and (4) in the gifts and graces of a symmetrical Christian character. The re-

marks which follow are abstracts of a part of the sermon, giving special prominence to his relations to the Calvary Church.

Perhaps the most fruitful period of Dr. Gillette's fruitful life was his pastorate of nearly twelve years in the Calvary Church, New York. He was called to this field from Philadelphia, in 1852, and was at that time forty-five years of age; he was thus in his meridian strength. He was ripe in culture and in experience; he possessed a spotless name, and a constantly widening fame.

The church was at this time worshipping in Hope Chapel, and was known as the Broadway Baptist Church. It was an offshoot of the Stanton Street Church—the mother of churches in this city. Rev. David Bellamy, pastor of the Stanton Street Church, went out from that church with a number of members, who on the evening of November 25, 1846, met to take measures for organizing a congregation to be called the "Hope Chapel Congregation." The night was stormy; only ten persons were present. Two

evenings later another meeting was held; Rev. David Bellamy, who had just resigned the pastorate of the Stanton Street Church, was invited to preach to the new congregation in the Coliseum, which had been secured. Shortly after, lots were bought on Broadway opposite the New York Hotel. On Sunday evening, February 28, 1847, the church was organized, Rev. Elisha Tucker, then pastor of the Oliver Street Church, being in the chair, under the name of the "Hope Chapel Baptist Church in the city of New York." Rev. David Bellamy was chosen to be the pastor. On the 22d of April, 1847, a council met in the First Baptist Church, on Broome Street, to consider the propriety of recognizing this new body as a regular Baptist church. On motion of the distinguished Dr. Cone, the body was recognized, and public services were held on the first Sunday in May, at the Coliseum, their place of worship. Brethren Tucker, Somers, Hodge, and Dickenson participated in these services.

The first pastor, as already indicated, was Rev. David Bellamy. He was called on February 27, 1847. On the 26th of October, 1849, owing to

ill health, he resigned. The second pastor was Rev. John Dowling, D.D. He was called January 23, 1850; he resigned April 13, 1852. The church in the meantime had built, upon the lots already referred to, the house of worship known as "Hope Chapel." The name of the church was changed, in 1852, to the "Broadway Baptist Church."

Rev. A. D. Gillette was the third pastor in order. Three months and a half after Dr. Dowling's resignation, he was called.

Although only thirty years have passed since that call was extended, it is suggestive of the changed habits of our generation to remember that the meeting was held on August 1st. The largest church in the city to-day would muster a very small business meeting on the first day of August. With the coming of the new pastor new life was given to every department of church activity. Soon, Hope Chapel became too small for the constantly increasing congregations. Young men gathered about the new pastor; a prosperous future was assured. It became evident that in the near future a change of location

would be necessary. The up-town idea was then a matter of as serious discussion as it has been in later days. A committee was appointed to secure, if possible, a desirable site farther up-town. Some members wished to purchase lots on Ninth Street; others thought it safe to go up as far as Sixteenth Street, although the wisdom of "going so far up-town" was seriously questioned by very many. The discussions of those days provoke a smile to-day; the discussions of recent days, as to whether it would be safe to go up as far as Fifty-seventh Street, will one day, not far hence, provoke even a broader smile. Dr. Gillette often spoke to the writer, of the anxieties of those early days, of his own searching for lots, of the reasons for his choice of those on Twenty-third Street, and of his efforts to secure them. With the aid of his brother-in-law, Mr. George W. A. Jenkins, and the co-operation of other leaders in the church, the lots were secured.\* The number of members

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\* The wisdom of Dr. Gillette's choice of this location is more clearly seen now than was possible at the time, or for several years. These same lots are worth to-day

was comparatively small, their means were limited, their burdens were heavy, and their achievements were noble.

In all these protracted struggles the pastor's patience, tact, and practical judgment were everywhere felt; he suggested, guided, and inspired the entire enterprise. It was a great event for him and the people when on the first Sunday in January, 1854, the congregation worshipped for the first time in the basement of their new house; on the first Sunday in May of the same year the upper part of the house was occupied for the first time. The memories of the occasion are still precious to many of the members of the church. God had done great things for this people, and their hearts were glad; their prayers were answered, their hopes realized, and their prospects brightened.

Dr. Dowling's presence must have added much interest to the occasion. The house was the fruition of his desires and hopes as well as those of the pastor.

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nearly or quite \$250,000. This seems almost incredible; it illustrates the growth of our noble city.



With the opening of the new house all the prospects of the church brightened; new families soon came in; numerical and financial, social and religious strength was gained, and the hopes of years gradually matured into substantial and blessed results. About this time Madison University honored itself by giving the pastor of the Calvary Church the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Dr. Gillette was recognized as a representative man not only of the Baptist pulpit, but of the pulpit of the city. He sustained intimate social relations with the leading laymen and pastors of all denominations; he was also actively engaged with them in all forms of public and philanthropic work. He stood in the front rank in his own denomination; his presence was heartily welcomed and his words gladly heard on all public occasions. He was always and everywhere a lover of peace and a lover of good men.

As a preacher he loved the distinguishing doctrines of the glorious Gospel. His sermons abounded in striking illustrations. They were also marked by fervent appeals and tender ap-

plications. His appearance in the pulpit never failed to command attention. He possessed a remarkable facility of graceful expression. Stately in figure, refined in face, and courtly in manner, he was a man to be observed among a thousand. The influence of his Huguenot ancestry could clearly be seen in his dignified bearing and his social culture. We know that religion is a personal possession; that no man has a right to go through the world on heraldic crutches; that men are born into the kingdom of God not of blood, but of the will of God; nevertheless, a noble ancestry is a rich inheritance. Dr. Gillette received from both his father's and his mother's families the restraining and inspiring tendencies of a religious ancestry. This was to him a valuable possession both in and out of the pulpit.

As a pastor in the Calvary Church he was devoted to his duties. His great tact and attractive social qualities made him a welcome visitor in every home. He understood that the mere preacher can never really build up a church; that the work done in the pulpit must be supplemented by the work done in the home. Perhaps

nine men fail to-day as pastors for every one who fails as a preacher. Our churches need pastors; without them true growth is impossible; without them speedy death is almost certain. Dr. Gillette understood this. He preached the Gospel from house to house. At the bedside of the sick and in the house of mourning he was gentle in manner, wise in counsel, and fervent in spirit. He loved, like his Master, to heighten the joy of the marriage feast by his presence; no one was more welcome. His conversation abounded in pleasing reminiscences, sparkling anecdotes, and religious instruction. He made his religion welcome in the social circle: this is a rare gift, an enviable gift. Here many ministers utterly fail; here he was peculiarly successful. This was a marked element of his power. He carried the spirit of Christ with him always and everywhere. Men took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus.

He loved the young. He never grew old. Dr. Guthrie said, "Never call me old while my heart is young." Dr. Gillette's heart was always young. This characteristic gave him many

friends outside of his own church and denomination. It gave him favor in the eyes of churches in the later years of his life. It is sometimes said that churches do not like old men as pastors; but they liked him to the last; he was always full of the enthusiasm of youth and hope. - The boys and girls of to-day will be the men and women of to-morrow. This, Dr. Gillette thoroughly understood. He would never knowingly "snub" anybody; he certainly would never snub a boy. Boys soon found this out. They flocked about him. They welcomed him in their homes, they joyously greeted him on the street; they loved to hear him when he preached, as he often did, specially to the young. As a consequence there was always a large number of young people in the church; they had their prayer-meetings; they had their social circles; they had their literary entertainments. Sometimes the Doctor had to mediate between some of the older and less sympathetic brethren and these young disciples. It was always easy to tell which side he would take; the young knew that he loved them.

While decided in his convictions, he was marked by a sweet Christian charity. Orthodox, as were his fathers, in Christian doctrine and Baptist usage, he was never objectionably dogmatic. He loved all denominations of Christians: he saw the good—if there was any to be seen—in every system of belief. But he never wavered in his faith in the glorious doctrines of the Gospel. He was tested more than once by his strict loyalty to his convictions.

Thus the years of the New York pastorate glided on. The pastor was beloved by all, and the church was accomplishing its mission in the city, and sending out its influence throughout the country. In the meantime the clouds of battle were darkening our national sky. The whole country was deeply moved. A large number of young men in the Calvary Church heard their country's call and rushed to her defence. God had work in another field for the wise and patriotic pastor. He was to go into still darker clouds at the nation's capital. Washington was then the center of tremendous activities and seriously conflicting opinions.

Into this stormy sea, Dr. Gillette, by the providence of God, was plunged; by his knowledge and sympathy he was specially fitted for these new duties. To the cause of the Union Dr. Gillette gave his wise counsels, his practical judgment, his outspoken patriotism, and his earnest prayers. December 22, 1863, he resigned his pastorate of nearly twelve years in the Calvary Church, New York. But to this hour his work is appreciated heartily, his influence felt constantly, and his memory cherished tenderly.

This sketch of his pastorate of the Calvary Church would be incomplete without a brief allusion to his subsequent connection with the church. Rev. R. J. W. Buckland, D.D., was his immediate successor. In May, 1870, the present pastor entered upon his duties. The church, in its history of 36 years, has thus had five pastors—Bellamy, Dowling, Gillette, Buckland, and the present pastor. Four of these—Dr. Gillette being the last of the four—have finished their earthly course. It was always his desire that he might die in the membership of the church he

so loved. On his return from England in the fall of 1870, he, and his beloved wife, resumed their connection with the church. Upon going to Sing Sing their membership was transferred to the church in that town; but on their return to the city, their letters were brought again to the dear old home. Never will the writer forget the long and sunny visit had with the Doctor at that time. He spoke of his love for the old church; of his desire that he might have a home there until he went to his home above; of his wish that when that time came he might be buried from the spot he loved so well. He spoke also of the early days of his Christian life, of his joy in the work of the Gospel, of his love for his precious Saviour and the blessedness of His service. It was an occasion never to be forgotten. The Doctor was permitted last May to gratify a long-cherished wish—he was present at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Calvary Church on 57th Street. The kind allusions made to him by Drs. Hall, Taylor, Broadus, and the pastor, he was able to hear without giving way to undue emotion.



Of the writer's personal relations to him during the past twelve years he can hardly trust himself to speak. A former pastor is not always the best friend to a pastor of a church. Dr. Gillette was one of my best friends. To young ministers generally he was a friend. There is no jealousy so sad as that which some men who are growing old show toward the younger brethren who are coming on the stage of action. This feeling has embittered the lives of otherwise noble men; it has been often "the last infirmity of noble minds." Dr. Gillette was too large-hearted to cherish this miserable feeling. For twelve years my relations with him have been most intimate. I have stood with him beside his own sick and dying children and grandchildren; together we have stood by the dying and the dead in other families; together we have conducted funeral and marriage services, and labored in many other ways. He was always and everywhere the true friend, the genuine brother, and the perfect Christian gentleman. For him this writer will always cherish an unwavering affection.

His wish was carried out; from the old church he was borne to his grave. In Calvary Church his memory will be precious ever.

His life in every circle in which he moved was a constant benediction, a model to the younger men in the ministry, and a testimony to the grace of God.

## XI.

### "FLOWERS FOR HIS COFFIN."

DR. W. C. WILKINSON, who wields the pen of a profound thinker as well as of a cultured writer, shortly after hearing of Dr. Gillette's death, asked from the editor of the *Standard*, at Chicago, Ill., the privilege of "laying a flower on the coffin" of a brother beloved, who had been "a friend in need." He filled two columns with a graphic and charming picture of Dr. Gillette's interposition to rescue him from humiliation and "durance vile" on board of a German steamer, among whose passengers they met as comparative strangers. The well-known pastor of Calvary Church, New York, was a favored guest in the cabin. The young Connecticut preacher was a stranger, who came on board to find all the rooms taken, and himself

treated as "second-class" by the stupid steward, though he had paid as "first-class." His first night had been passed amid the *horrors* of German tobacco-smoke, and his morning claim of a seat at table in the cabin had been rudely repulsed by the aforesaid steward; who, before all the company, in excited tones, had exclaimed in English, *bad* in a double sense: "You *second* class! *go* second class." Dr. Gillette "came, saw, and conquered," as in many a like victory of a true man. A word with the Captain, and young Wilkinson was at Dr. Gillette's side, the favored of all eyes. Recalling his idea of a "flower on his coffin," with which he had begun his narrative, Dr. Wilkinson closes thus: "We were fellow-men, fellow-passengers, fellow-Christians—that was all. It was a consummate flower of courtesy and good-will." Other "flowers" than this were brought for Dr. Gillette's coffin; because there were flowers to bring.

Many a private letter and press notice dropped buds and blossoms of truth on the fruitful heap of common biographical memories. Of his min-

isterial life in Philadelphia, Rev. T. S. Malcom, who had witnessed it all, said to the public, who echoed the truth: "Few ministers in Philadelphia have ever been more useful or more greatly beloved. Gifted in the pulpit, and esteemed in social circles, he accomplished great good; and his name will be held in the highest regard." Of his New York life and ministry, among other extended notices, one of the secular papers, after speaking of his children, gone and left, says of him: "Dr. Gillette was an extremely popular man, wherever known, owing to his kindliness of manner, tact in the sick-room, and genial and cordial ways. He was a deep thinker and an able preacher, and his large heart and Christian spirit made him a great favorite with his professional brethren, as well as with the people over whom he had charge."

As to his Washington pastorate, Dr. Dickinson, editor of the *Religious Herald*, says: "For several years he was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Washington City, and a member of the Potomac Association. This brought him in

contact with some of our Virginia people soon after the close of the war; and, while fraternal intercourse between the sections had not been fully restored, he was most tenderly cherished by the Potomac brethren. We have delightful recollections of a night spent with him at Warrenton, Va., in 1867. He was then quite old; but there was a boyish brightness about him that was very captivating. There was a sunny and joyous smile on his face, that seemed to make the whole world look brighter. He was the picture of Christian contentment. He had a large acquaintance with men, and loved to talk of the preachers; and it was only of the good in them he ever spoke. We could see no trace of ambition or jealousy in him. He was calm, genial, and happy, and imparted his spirit to all who touched him."

A bouquet, fresh and fragrant, comes late, but grateful, from the church of Sing Sing, of which he was pastor from November 1, 1864, to December 1, 1868. In a minute put upon their church record September 20, 1882, they say: "He was called at a time when the church es-

pecially needed a wise, prudent, and judicious ministry. This was eminently secured in Dr. Gillette. As a pastor he was kind and attentive, a lover and promoter of peace. As a preacher he was earnest, graceful, and impressive. His large social nature and warmth of heart were calculated to win esteem and affection. Old and young delighted in his friendship. With positive and denominational opinions he possessed the largest catholicity of spirit, and maintained the happiest relations with his brethren in the ministry. During his pastorate here he baptized sixty-four persons, and set before them the example of a cultured Christian life."

In the church of his last pastorate, Rev. Mr. Scott says: "He was an interesting speaker on occasions where many fail; where readiness and brevity, mingled sense and humor, are requisite to success." Mrs. Wright, at whose residence he made his home during most of his pastorate, writes: "The last Sabbath morning he was with us his subject was '*The Rest* that remaineth for the people of God.' The crowning and most beautiful act of his life was his becoming the



pastor of one of the least of the small churches. It was like Christ, when, in one of His last acts, He selected from among the crowds pressing around Him a little child, and placed it among His disciples, so that it could not but be noticed."

Different societies passed memorial resolutions, among which two noticed in his memoir are here cited. The American and Foreign Bible Society state that "from its organization he was an active member, serving it as Corresponding Secretary with great dignity and usefulness at a trying period of its history, and being at the time of his demise one of the Vice-Presidents." The Thirtieth Annual Report of the Y. M. C. Association of the City of New York, just issued for 1883, after giving a paragraph to the facts cited in his memoir, thus closes its record: "Until the day of his death he was a wise and hearty friend, always ready to do everything in his power to encourage our work. He never regretted the course he took in the day of its trial, and was spared to see the Association enter upon a career of usefulness

and prosperity, for which he often heartily thanked God."

These few flowers, culled from clusters, are of the kind called "everlasting"; fadeless as memorials, and eloquent as monitors.

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#### THE COMPILER'S REVIEW.

THE expected promise of the foregoing Memoirs of Dr. A. D. Gillette is fully realized in the now accomplished result. The four memorial tablets, furnished by special friends, have been set into a monumental tribute, conceived by a mind and heart not unduly appreciative, and shaped by a hand well skilled for its work.

The flowers, that in the gush of fresh affection were made to strew the coffin of the tenant just laid there, soon faded; the myrtle that carpets the grave, and the yearly wild-flowers that kiss the stone raised over it will also perish with the material monument; but the shaft here reared will be cherished in dearest affection by descendants of many generations, for

the heritage of a good name comes ever from a "good man."

Perhaps, too, hearts made kindred by Divine birth, in that family that knows no limit of number or of time, may here be made better in this age when the Gospel ministry is by youth of secular aspirings too much shunned. Some one, as he reads, may be led to believe the inspired words of one among the wisest and richest monarchs of earth: "He that winneth souls is wise"; and perhaps the mantle of the rapt Elijah may fall, and his spirit rest on more than one who shall perpetuate his life of devotion and usefulness.













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